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MISCELLANIES.

THE FIVE NIGHTS OF ST. ALBANS.

This is a book made to puzzle the reviewers; and in what way to set about the business, we, for one, know not. Give an abstract of the fable? That would be to injure flagrantly an author who has shewn more ability in no particular than in the complication of his plot, impenetrable down to the very close of the narration, and the brevity with which he then disentangles every thing, leaving the mind, as far as any solution of a real romance ever can leave it, satisfied. Give copious extracts? This may be better than the analytic plan—but that is the best we can say for it. It is scarcely possible to render extracts from such a work intelligible, without betraying something of its purpose—for in this matter again the art of the author shines conspicuously, that he has no episodes (properly so called.) Every scene, every description, as well as every one incident introduced, has a direct bearing on the evolution of the fable. There is no secondary plot; there is no describing merely for describing's sake.—The structure of the fiction is one and entire; the whole action occupies but five days; the scene is not once changed; and, through three volumes, attention and interest are sustained, almost without a pause, in the total absence of one and all of those parasitical devices which occupy, in the usual course of novel-manufacture, at least a third of the space. From a web thus compactly strung, who can hope to detach a thread without damage to the texture?—and there are absolutely no purpurei panni. However, we are sure of one thing, namely, that hardly any passage can be extracted without convincing the reader that we are guilty of no exaggeration when we pronounce the writer of the Five Nights of St. Albans to be master of a vividly original and picturesque imagination, of [illegible] this we should think enough to induce the said reader to ascertain for himself whether we are not equally justified in our opinion—that he is even more remarkable for the [illegible] than for the vigor of his fancy, and that he [illegible] together with still more admirable [illegible] he does words and sentences.

There are some, no doubt, who will refuse to give themselves any further concern about this romance when they are informed that it is full of magic; to them we can only say, that we are extremely sorry for their condition. Their minds are so constituted, that a very great portion of what the world considers best in the imaginative literature of every tongue, dead or living, can afford them no pleasure. If they be in the right, almost all great poets, "from Homer to Hogg," have been in the wrong. They have the misfortune not to relish either the Odyssey, or the Golden Ass, or the Arabian Nights, or the Flower of the [illegible], or Thalaba, or Manfred, or the Monastery, or Kilmeny. We are sorry for them—and so, [illegible] Manfred.

"There is," says he, "in the natural constitution of the [illegible] mind, a dim and obscure persuasion that the beings of another world may have communication with this; that [illegible] with faculties totally dissimilar from our own, may exist; and that they may possess power to mingle in human transactions, of whose nature and extent we are necessarily ignorant. Hence the gross superstitions, and brute idolatry of those rude ages, and of that rude state of society, in which man substitutes his passions, his hopes, and his fears, the things he wishes, and the things he would avoid, for his reason, which teaches him not only what he should wish, and what avoid, but how to regulate his hopes and fears. Hence, too, that portion of superstitious feeling which lurks in every mind; which no mental vigor, no moral or religious discipline, can wholly eradicate; and which makes every man accessible to the influence of mysterious terror, under some circumstances or other."

No man of genius, however, will ever write a book in three volumes, without deriving the greater part of his materials from human nature as he has [illegible] observed its workings. This Tale of [illegible], is far indeed from being a [illegible] fancy. Grant the author [illegible] than the existence of such [illegible] at the oldest [illegible] in England [illegible] in at the period at which he lays [illegible] the towers of St. Albans—and he [illegible] demands but what every [illegible] is accustomed to make.—[illegible] and women to the influence [illegible] excited by sights and sounds [illegible] the actual—and they conduct [illegible] men and women would do, [illegible] under such circumstances. [illegible] there are no less [illegible] familiar, whose [illegible] There [illegible]

we remember to have met with of late. Lastly, the piece, without any broad pretension of moral purpose, is so constructed and concluded as to gratify every good and generous feeling of our nature. Human virtues—the constancy of man and the devotion of woman—are arrayed against the power of hell; the struggle is long, the trials are terrific, and the triumph is sudden, complete, and glorious.

The old Abbey of St. Albans is, during five successive nights, towards the end of the 16th century, the scene of a continued series of supernatural demonstrations of the most awful character; certain citizens of the town, animated by various motives, combine to watch night after night, in the church—and we give the following specimen of the things they encountered:

"The presence of Fitz-Maurice, his mysterious air, his [illegible] and the sudden gloom which he [illegible] in conjunction with their own recollection of past, and their anticipation of future events, to diffuse a more than ordinary gloom. Overbury was the only one who seemed insensible to this feeling.—He did not speak; but he drained cup after cup of wine, as if he were drinking himself up to some required pitch of excitement. Occasionally he directed his looks towards Fitz-Maurice; but if, by chance, their eyes met, he withdrew his with marked perturbation; his cheeks became flushed, and he eagerly sought to hide his confusion, by renewing his potations.

"They had remained thus for nearly an hour, when a thundering knock was heard at the door, which resounded in doubling echoes through the lofty aisles. They all started round, and Overbury sprung upon his feet. Fitz-Maurice was motionless. Before any one could speak the knock was repeated, but much louder. They all rose except Fitz-Maurice, who betrayed, neither by look nor gesture, the slightest participation in their amazement. A third time the knock was heard, and the solid foundations of the Abbey shook beneath their feet. Every eye was turned towards Fitz-Maurice, who still sat motionless and silent.

"'What may this mean?' exclaimed De Clare.

"The doors opened, and Mephosto entered.—They could not at first distinguish him through the deep gloom of the further extremity, but they heard the patting of his broad feet along the stone pavement. At length his form became visible, as he moved to where Fitz-Maurice was seated.—When he was within a yard or two of him, he fell upon his face and grovelled along the ground like a whipped spaniel.

"'Am I obeyed?' said Fitz-Maurice.

"'It is done,' replied Mephosto.

"'Enough,' answered Fitz-Maurice. 'Be watchful as the Lynx. Hence!'

"The dwarf retired, for some paces, in the same prostrate attitude, and then raising himself [illegible] out of the Abbey.

"They beheld this scene with dumb surprise; and when they heard the doors close, resumed their seats in silence.

"'It has not been always thus,' said Fitz-Maurice, addressing Lacy; 'and would not be so now, but for thee and thine.'

"'I do not understand you,' replied Lacy.

"'When the grey dawn first streaks the eastern clouds,' answered Fitz-Maurice, 'the benighted traveller rejoices, but he sees not the landscape that lies before him. By imperceptible degrees, its fresh and dewy loveliness grows into form and beauty; anon, the gorgeous sun, in rising glory, flings his golden beams upon the earth, and hill and valley, the woodland and the verdant plain, the deep river and the gushing mountain stream, are all revealed. Then steps he cheerily onward, and straight forgets the o'erpast perils of the dark night. Even so, I say, hath it been with each of ye. But your dawn is at hand; your hour of sunrise approaches, when you shall no longer ask, whither is it we go?'

"'There is not, I believe, a flinching spirit among us,' said De Clare; 'for when last we renewed our compact with you, it was with the resolved hearts of men self-devoted to the worst.'

"'But still with such distrust of one another,' added Overbury, 'that like a band of rogues, engaged to rob or murder, you must be sworn to hang together. Now I——'

"'Prefer to hang alone,' added Mortimer; 'and I protest I not only commend thy choice, but languish for the performance of it.'

"'And when I do,' vociferated Overbury, 'it will be in a fit of spleen, to think that thou canst be hanged only once, an the rope break not.'

"'Which it will not do when thou art hanged, my master of the Scorpion,' retorted Mortimer: 'for the devil will have the twisting of thy rope, and 'tis his pride to have his own children well hung.'

"'Why, there again you would mock me,' exclaimed Overbury, valiant with wine, '*Master of the Scorpion!* What can you say or'——

"'I?' interrupting Fitz-Maurice, fixing his eyes upon him; 'but that your vessel, on your homeward voyage, struck upon the Goodwin Sands, and all the crew perished. The ship went down. You buffetted the waves, a golden treasure girded round your waist, and gained the beach. A good old man, with warm and generous cordials, brought you back to life, led you to his lonely habitation, gave you shelter, food, and clothing, which you requited from the store you had saved, and left him.'

"'I did,' said Overbury, 'and he was thankful.'

"'As thou wert,' added Fitz-Maurice, 'when you found that YOU ALONE were saved!'

"'I—I—grieved—bitterly,' stammered forth Overbury, utterly confounded by what he had heard.

"'Peace!' exclaimed Fitz-Maurice, in a tone of stern command. 'I promised you, erewhile, further satisfaction. You shall have it. Behold!'

"Overbury sat like one spell-bound. Except that his eyes moved, and his broad chest heaved with a quick and laboring respiration, he seemed a statue, so fixed was his attitude, so bloodless his cheeks, so marble his look. There was a visible consternation, too, on the countenances of all save Fitz-Maurice, whose features underwent not the slightest change.

"While thus wrapped in suspense as to what would ensue, Fitz-Maurice took from his neck a gold chain, to which was appended a Jerusalem cross, and kissing it thrice, he exclaimed each time, 'Appear!'

"At the third command they heard a noise like that of a swift stream running over a rich pebbly bed; and then they saw a steaming vapor slowly ascend from the ground, which as it grew in bulk, spread from wall to wall, filling the whole space of the Abbey, except where they sat. It gradually assumed the appearance of the green ocean; the waves gently undulated; and upon their scarcely rippled surface fell a soft, pale light, like the moonbeams. Presently the perfect image of a ship becalmed, its sails [illegible] in the wind as it died away, swelled into shape.

"'Now pause; and, anon, follow my words!' exclaimed Fitz-Maurice.

"The wondrous scene remained. It was so marvellously the counterpart of reality, that they almost fancied they felt the freshness of the ocean breeze play upon their cheeks.

"'Such was the night, its serene beauty such,' said Fitz-Maurice, 'when, some six years since, a vessel like the one you see, lay becalmed on the silver-seeming waves that wash Sicilia's shore.—How unlike the peaceful scene without, was the foul act of lust and blood that passed within! A man, whose passed deeds were written in the blackest page of human crime—whose already perjured soul was stained with guilt beyond the wrath of Heaven to forgive: who had rifled the poor—slain the innocent—beggared the friend who trusted him—plundered the rich—violated the sanctuary—and cut the throat of the priest on his own altar—plucked buried jewels from the dead, and ripped the matron's womb in bloody scoff, to teach a pirate's midwifery,—this man, so steeped in villainy as I have charactered him, was MASTER of the ship. As if he had meditated solely how he might do a deed to outdo the dark catalogue of those he had committed, his devilish spirit engendered one so monstrous, that in all hell there groans no soul doomed to its penal fires for such another! E'en as a noble sire may see himself dishonoured in his sons, so a degenerate one shall give goodly fruit, which smacks not of the rank soil that produced it. Look at that form of innocence and beauty, and wonder, as ye may, how from a source so foul and loathsome, a creature thus rare and perfect could have sprung.—She was his daughter.'

"At this moment, the bright shadow of a female started into life, as it were, upon the deck of the phantom vessel. She appeared in the act of offering up her evening orisons, and her parted lips seemed to move, while a saint like expression dwelt upon her young but pensive features. Her limbs were moulded in the finest proportions, and an air of graceful modesty clothed her with bewitching loveliness. A loud groan burst from Overbury as this vision gradually melted away.

"'The fair Gondoline,' continued Fitz-Maurice, 'perished that night. The ravening monster of the deep stole upon her slumbers, and the shrieking virgin found herself in the hot grasp of a ravisher. Wild prayers and screaming curses fall from her lips—supplicating tears gush from her eyes—with frenzied strength she struggles—with piteous accents she implores—and then, in choking agony, calls upon her father! Happy had she died that moment in blessed ignorance! Alas! she lived to know the catiff. It was HER FATHER! Yes—the spoiler was betrayed, though shrouded in darkness. Despair and horror seized him; and he who shrunk not from the damned commission of his unhallowed crime, now stood aghast at the thought of one withering glance from the maniac eyes of his violated daughter. She was mad!—her delirious screams of father! father! seared his brain, and rang his soul's knell of everlasting perdition! This demon-lecher, who could have lived and smiled again, self-pardoned in his own pernicious heart, if his own heart were all that quailed him, could *not* brave an outraged world. What, then? Did he smite himself, and so appease the justice of this world, and invoke eternal judgment in the next? Behold how, for a time, his recreant nature absolved itself from both.'

"When Fitz-Maurice uttered these words, the phantasm upon which they gazed underwent a horrible change. What had, hitherto, appeared the calm green wave of the ocean, now heaved and rolled, a sea of blood; and on its troubled surface seemed to lie the form of Gondoline, ghastly and distorted—her flowing auburn hair dishevelled—her garments rent—and her fair bosom gashed with deep wounds, which looked as though they still bled. The scene grew dark—the vessel blackened in the gloom—and a dismal cry swept along the waters, as the figure of Gondoline slowly sunk beneath them, deepening in its descent, their crimson hue. The next moment, the darkness gradually disappeared: the waves rippled, as if a rising breeze began to curl their foaming tops; they broke, in dancing surges, against the ship, whose lately pendant sails now filled with the wind; the brightness of the sun succeeded to what had been the likeness of the soft pale moon-light; and the tossing waves played in his beams, like a floor of sparkling emeralds. The ship moved.—It wore round. And as its stern seemed to heave in sight, 'THE SCORPION, WILFRED OVERBURY, MASTER,' appeared, painted in large white letters upon a black ground.

"Overbury had hitherto sat silent—gazing, like the rest upon the necromantic illusion; but, unlike the rest, a prey to tortures, which no language may describe. His swart and disfigured face was bathed with perspiration, which ran from him in streams; his teeth gnashed; his eyes were starting from their sockets; his breathing was short and convulsive; and as the varying torments of his awakened conscience started into visible existence upon his agitated frame and features—now shrinking within himself—now grinning, as if in more than human scorn of that abhorrence which he felt was kindling round him—then grasping the table with a sort of frantic clutching of his half clenched hands—he exhibited an appalling image of a guilty wretch, whose long life of dark and desperate crime was suddenly unveiled, and placed in terrible array before him.

"When, however, the vision had thus awfully pronounced, 'THOU ART THE MAN!' he could no longer command his maddened feelings, but, starting up and drawing his sword, he rushed towards Fitz-Maurice like a chafed tiger, roaring out, 'Fiend! devil!—have at thy throat, hell-dog, an thou canst be strangled!'

"He staggered—reeled—fell—rolled for a moment on the ground in contortions of the most violent agony—raised himself on his knees—gazed wildly round—saw the spectre of his murdered daughter, rising from the bosom of the once more becalmed sea, apparelled in glory, like an angel, and ascending to the clouds; then, with horrid imprecations, which burst from him in loud yells, rather than in human accents, fell back and lay motionless.

"At that moment the scene of enchantment vanished! Howling and laughing were heard without; the doors flew open; Mephosto entered—he crawled towards the body of Overbury, seized it by the throat, and with the same ease that he would have thrown his mantle round him, flung it over his shoulder, and carried it out of the Abbey."

We shall make no more extracts from this very singular book. Sometime hence, when it may be supposed to have been pretty generally circulated, we shall probably be tempted to recur to it in a more critical vein; at prerent, we could neither analyze the incidents of the fable, nor enter minutely into the discussions of any one character introduced, without letting out the nature of the plot—which would be unjust equally to him that has written, and to the many that are about to read.—*Blackwood.*

THE QUAKER WISHING HAT.

— quid enim ratione timemus
Aut cupimus? JUVENAL.

What do we rationally dread or desire?

There is nothing in which we more affect superiority over former times than in the matter of superstition. We laugh at our ancestors for believing in ghosts, witches, and magic, and fondly persuade ourselves that we are free from the same weakness. But our self complacency deceives us. A belief in supernatural agency still partially exists among us. Hundreds of our citizens yet believe that the laws of nature are occasionally suspended, or changed, to effect a particular object; and that providence kindly reveals its will to mortals by presentiments, forbodings, dreams, and other portentous signs. Where is the individual indeed who does not put faith in some of these *indicia* of the future? Who does not believe that there are lucky and unlucky seats at cards; lottery tickets; and days for going to sea? or that the number *thirteen* at table will prove fatal to one of the company before the year is out?

The just inference that a rational and philosophic mind will deduce from these facts is, that an article of faith so universal must be well founded; and that incredulity on such points is to be set down rather to man's pride than his reason. It certainly seems something like presumption for ordinary minds to pronounce Dr. Jonson, who admitted the probability of invisible agents, to be clearly wrong; and that he who exhibited so much vigor of intellect in other things should betray weakness only in this. The poet, too, who was most conscious of the power of the human mind, has borne testimony to its weakness, by declaring that

"There were more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

These sage and novel reflections were suggested by a whimsical scene, which I witnessed not long since in the sober and enlightened city of Philadelphia. But a short preliminary narrative is necessary to make my subsequent story intelligible.

There lately lived not a quarter of a mile from Market street, and not far from a spacious private mansion, more remarkable for its costliness than taste, an elderly member of the society of Friends, who had, by a long continued course of prudence and industry, amassed a considerable fortune, and whose brief history is thus narrated. He was born of obscure parents, in Lancaster county; left an orphan, when about thirteen; and was bound an apprentice to a surly fellow, who followed the business of a wagoner on the road to Philadelphia. Two or three years afterwards, to escape a severe [illegible]ping, he ran away from his tyrannical mas[illegible] and sought refuge in the suburbs, with a re[illegible]able Quaker, who, knowing the character [illegible] the wagoner, (having often noticed his sever[illegible]) humanely concealed the little truant, and [illegible] him under his protection. Finding him [illegible]cile, steady and obedient, he, after a while [illegible]iled on the wagoner to relinquish his rig[illegible] the boy, took him into his shop, and finally [illegible] him in a way of doing business for himself. [illegible] quietly pursued the calling of a shopkeeper [illegible]ty years; he had never in that ti[illegible] Philadelphia, except to go to Lanca[illegible] his moderation, and so equab[illegible] of his life, that it was com[illegible] neighbors, upon his own auth[illegible] seriously made but thr[illegible] all of which he had been suc[illegible] to marry Sarah Skinner, t[illegible] daughter; to own Major O'Gar[illegible] mill near Lancaster, and to be a [illegible] of the Bank of North America.

About fifteen years since, two young ladies, who attended a celebrated female school not far from this worthy citizen's residence, one Saturday afternoon stepped in to see his daughter, who was one of their school mates. They had not been in the parlor many minutes before Eleanor McGlee, who was just then turned of sixteen, and was distinguished for her sprightly playful humor, seized friend Stilman's broad-brimmed hat, then lying on a table, and put it on. After viewing herself in the mirror over the mantle-piece, and diverting her friends with her sallies of pleasantry, she threw herself into a large antiquated arm chair, and putting aside the natural curls which concealed her beautiful forehead, and shaded her dark eyes, exclaimed:

"I am tired to death with getting so much dismal stuff by heart. I wish Mr. Fretting was at Old Nick for giving me such an unconscionable task."

At this moment a handsome new barouche, and two shewy, spirited, dapple greys, with a servant in livery behind, rattled along the pavement.

"Look! look! my dear girls," said the pretty romp, "how happy must they be, who have nothing to do but to ride about and enjoy these fine summer evenings. I wish I was fairly married, with such an equipage as that at my command. I would bid good bye to geography and history, and these tiresome nouns and verbs. And now I think of it, Anne, I have heard that your father never made a wish in his life without getting it. Perhaps there is some virtue in his hat, and who knows but I may get my wish too. Belle, my dear, let me see how you look under this umbrella."

Then transferring the hat from her own head to her companion's, said, "Now, pray, what do you wish for?"

"I wish for nothing, said Miss Bland, but that I may hear from home, and that mamma may send for me before the examination."

"Come girls," said Miss Stilman, "you have made sport enough with my father's hat; (at the same time putting it on her own head.) I wish, with all my heart, he could have heard you."

At that moment Mr. Stilman entered from an adjoining room, where he had been all the while reading and smoking. By the time they had primly seated themselves, he went up to Eleanor, and gently tapping her cheek, said:

"Indeed, Nell, thee art a wild girl. Thee must take care that thee does not come to wear the *breeches*, having begun with wearing the hat."

Having thus brought them nearer to that standard of order and propriety which he liked to see in every thing, he good naturedly left them to while away an hour in the innocent gaiety which belongs only to their sex and season of life.

But now mark the sequel. On returning to her lodgings, Isabella found a letter from her mother, summoning her to attend the nuptials of her eldest sister, a fortnight before the dreaded "examination." This concurrence with her previous wish made some impression on the minds of these young girls; but it was greatly increased when they learnt the following day, on going to school, that Mr. Fretting, their teacher, was dangerously ill of a bilious fever, and two days afterwards, that he was dead. But stranger than all! in the course of another week, the same gay equipage which had attracted Miss McGlee's attention, was seen to drive up to her father's door in Chestnut street. It proved to belong to a rich South Carolinian, who was making a northern tour; who had letters to McGlee; and who, fascinated by the beauty and vivacity of Miss Eleanor, made a tender of his hand; and in a fortnight more, she became his bride. Whether she had previously told him the story of the Quaker's hat, is not known.

All the wishes of these young ladies having thus miraculously come to pass? (unless indeed it may be questioned whether a more than common share of peevishness and scolding, on the part of Mr. Fretting, had consigned him to Old Nick,) the affair soon became the subject of conversation and wonder, not only with the young ladies themselves, but with their friends, and, finally, with all their neighbors and acquaintance. As is usual in such cases, the cause of wonder was heightened by many additions and exaggerations, until old Mr. Stilman and his hat became objects of curiosity with all the young, the idle, and the credulous portion of their quarter of the city; that is, with nineteen out of twenty. Numberless were the occasions on which experiments were made on the hat, in effectuating the wishes of its wearers; and if, in many of these, it failed, in many others, the event wished for most strangely came to pass; and one case of success outweighed a dozen of failures.

The public, finding the hat efficacious at one time, and not so at another, formed various theories for the purpose of explaining the seeming inconsistencies, until at length, it settled down upon these conditions, as indispensable to the success of the hat—that the wish must be such a one as was not deemed impossible by the person who made it, and that it must be unpremeditated. After this time, whenever a wish was not realised, the failure was attributed to the absence of one, or both of those essential pre-requisites. In due time the old gentleman died, in consequence of a violent catarrh caught on his farm, and much stress was laid on the circumstance that he had not the wonderful hat with him; not a few believing that it would have shielded him from the arrow of death, as effectually as it had ever protected him from the rays of the sun.

After his decease, a German doctor, who had in vain attempted to rival Mr. Swaim, purchased the far-famed hat of the widow, at a high price, with a view of profiting by the popular credulity; and having opened a house in Southwark for the purpose of exhibiting the hat in public, and having industriously circulated certificates of its efficacy in hand-bills and advertisements, he bids fair to receive a remuneration, almost equal to that received by his former competitor, for his valuable, or more properly, his invaluable panacea.

The preceding narrative I received from a friend who took me to the doctor's house some evenings since, for the purpose as he said, of witnessing the widely extended influence of this superstition, but, as I strongly suspected, with half a mind to try its virtue himself; for being one of the literati of Philadelphia, and having been employed to write eloquent puffs of the "Miraculous hat" he had, in his efforts to persuade others of its efficacy, almost persuaded himself. We were received by Dr. Hinterlin, who had formed an exalted idea of my friend's talents, with a well meant, though somewhat awkward courtesy, in a neat little back

parlour; and we were permitted to occupy a corner of it, from which we could see and hear, thro' a small casement, the several applicants as they came, singly, or in groups, without being observed ourselves. The consulters of the oracle entered the small adjoining apartment in which the hat lay upon the table; and each one, sitting in a chair covered with scarlet velvet, and putting on the magical hat, uttered his or her wishes in an audible voice.

As soon as we were quietly seated, a party of four entered—two young ladies, attended each by a gallant. The first who approached the table was a little arch looking brunette, who putting on the hat, after having divested herself of a leghorn, yet [illegible], said, "I wish I may pass the next winter in Washington," and at the same time she cast a sly and inquisitive look towards the gentleman who had attended her, and who was evidently somewhat discomposed. The other young lady then succeeded, and wished that she might be the mistress of a house with three bow windows; on hearing which, the louring looks of the same gentleman relaxed into a smile. His turn came next, and he wished for success in his next suit; but it did not appear whether he meant a suit in court, or in courtship, as he seemed to be a lawyer as well as a lover. His companion, a pale and delicate youth, of a melancholy aspect, wished that his sonnet should be inserted in the next Atlantic Souvenir. I now clearly saw signs of disappointment in the admirer of bow windows, and derision in the other two.

This youthful party was succeeded by three men, of maturer age, and more anxious faces.—The first wished that his application at Washington should be successful; the next, that the New York horse should beat the Virginian, in the expected match race; and the third, that the —— ticket should prevail in the ninth ward.

A promiscuous party of matrons and misses then entered the room; but their conversation was so various and intermingled, that I could no longer always hear the wishes of each applicant. I perceived, however, that those of the married ladies generally related to their husbands; one praying that her spouse should be rich, another sober, and a third faithful. But I thought that the sound of "Ogle carriage, Brussels carpet, dessert service" occasionally met my ear. The younger portion of the company modestly contented themselves with wishing for jewels, shawls and bonnets, but now and then the desires of their gentle bosoms were expressed in inaudible whispers, at which times I conjectured they solicited things of greater importance, as they seemed to blush at the extravagance of their own wishes.

Profiting by their sweet confusion of tongues, the "*symphonia discors*" of the next room, we now entered into conversation; and the doctor, who seemed to relish a joke, and not at all disposed to let it suffer by his squeamish mode of telling it, informed us that when he first exhibited "the mysterious hat," he kept a register of the several wishes of the applicants, and that he was surprised to find amidst all the seeming variety, so much resemblance, and even downright coincidence.—He said that seven young ladies had wished for the same necklace and earrings at Tibault's, part of a fresh importation from Paris; that more than twice that number of married ladies had coveted the *plateau* of a foreign minister, about to return to Europe; and that, on one occasion, when the postmaster happened to be seized with an influenza, which confined him to his bed, there was as many as nine men who wished for his office for themselves, and no less than thirty three of the other sex, who wished for it for their husbands, fathers or brothers. He remarked that he always had a fine harvest, on the eve of an election, particularly on that of president; and that he had found, on an average, there were about fifteen who wished the possessor of a lucrative office to lose it, for one who wished him to keep it; and he said that he supposed this had a great deal of influence in the elections, adding however, "that he was no politician." He then gave us the result of one month's experience, from a written memorandum, which he alleged he had made out from his register. According to this paper, twenty gentleman had wished for success in their intended proposals; eighty, to draw the great prize in some lottery: thirty, for public office; ten, for health, and fifty for long life. Of the other sex, forty had wished for a return of affection; one hundred and fifty, to be married; and ten, to be single. Eighty-five had wished for equipages, and splendid furniture; thirteen, for children; five, for the esteem of their acquaintance; and three very old ladies, to go to heaven. He added, that although, now and then, some came out of idle curiosity, or for the purpose of quizzing him, nine tenths of his customers were either gamesters, speculators, trading politicians, or ladies between the ages of fourteen and seventy, all of whom had, as they ought to have, great confidence in the virtue of his hat, as very few ever came to complain that it had disappointed them.

Whilst we were moralizing on the miserable condition of man, always wanting something for his happiness, and, very often, even for his comfort, the motley crowd retired, and were immediately succeeded by two ladies, of very different appearance. One of them, in a quaker attire, with bloom on her cheek and contentment on her brow, might have passed for thirty, or even less. The other wore that particular dress which seems to have an equal eye to the past and the future, and which, though termed *half mourning*, commonly tells the world that "Time the Comforter," has already done his part. In her pale and sickly countenance, it was easy to perceive that natural vivacity still struggled with anxiety and ill-health; and if no allowance was made for the effect of these, her age might be put down at forty. Disengaging herself from the arm of her friend, she approached the table and said,

"It is now, Anne, about ten or twelve years since I first proved the virtue of this hat."—

"It is more than that, Eleanor."

"Well, well, fifteen then; you are always so exact. But, as I was going to say, since the hat proved true to me before, I will try it again. And I wish (at the same time putting the hat on her head,) I was again fairly settled in Philadelphia, for I am sure I shall never have my health in Carolina."

"I wonder, Eleanor," said her companion, "that, thee can still have faith in this childish superstition; but as thy purpose is answered, we will go;" and they forthwith left the room.

"This lady," said my friend, "who is a great writer, and contributes to the reviews, is but a type of the generality of mankind. We desire now what we disregarded last year, and may loathe the next; and often that which we have coveted with the most passionate ardor, and pursued with the most indefatigable industry, proves the chief source of our unhappiness. Evil is so connected with good, by that chain of causes which reaches from the throne of God to man's most trifling acts, that we know not what is best for us; what we ought to wish for. This poor lady, by attaining her fondest wish, has exchanged health for disease, gaiety of heart for care, and finds too late that wealth has not brought her happiness. If she were now to obtain her second wish, I doubt whether she would long be satisfied with her condition; though (at the same time, pulling up his collar and adjusting his cravat,) it is, to be sure, a fine thing to live in Philadelphia."

"But," said I, "are not desires necessary, even to virtue itself? Without the love of fame, of power, of riches—the desire of happiness in short—what would stimulate man to action? There could be no excellence, individual or national. It is not then our desires, but the abuse of them that we ought to condemn. If they are directed to proper objects, to the attainment of virtue and truth—of truth in religion, truth in morals, truth in science—they cannot well be too strong."

By this time the doctor's hour of closing his exhibition had arrived, and thinking we could do not less than try "the miraculous hat" ourselves, we entered the adjoining room, and having paid the customary fee to the door keeper, while the doctor delicately looked another way, we made our respective wishes. My friend's was, that his essay on the advantages of canals would obtain a premium from the Schuylkill canal company; and, as I had secretly determined to send this paper to the Virginia Museum, I prayed that it might afford the readers of that miscellany both profit and pleasure. They thus will have an opportunity of judging for themselves what faith is to be put in the virtue of the "*Quaker wishing hat.*"—*Virginia Lit. Museum.*

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

Widow. Will you stay, gentlemen?
A piece of beef and a cold capon, that's all.
You know you're welcome.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13, 1829.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Talisman. We were sitting down with the most catholic spirit imaginable, to indite a complimentary paragraph or two touching the Talisman for 1830, by "Francis Herbert," Esquire, for under this title does the well-known author of the book still strive to conceal himself,—when our eye glanced at a critical notice in the Washington City Chronicle, (a literary journal of great merit, and remarkable for the manliness and independence of its opinions) wherein the writer runs full tilt at all and singular the Souvenirs, Tokens, Forget-Me-Nots, Bijoux, Pearls, and "such small deer," with which the market is at present overstocked. We read the article eagerly, and, in yielding a tacit consent to its observations, could not but bethink us that we had perhaps on several occasions lauded somewhat too highly the good portions of the periodical picture-books above named, and passed over unnoticed the large quantities of trash and twaddle with which most of them abound.

The editor of the Chronicle is commenting particularly on a late number of the Atlantic Souvenir, and says that it exhibits a deficiency of taste and judgment in the selection of subjects for the engraver, for the specimens of graphic skill introduced for the avowed purpose of illustrating the stories in the work, would sometimes suit as well to ornament the pages of Don Quixote, as the volume for which they are prepared. "What particular connexion," he asks, "have the three very ordinary-looking drabs in the Souvenir, with a collection of roses from which the following very profound deduction and beautiful moral are drawn?

'Love like [as] sisters ought to-day,
For ye may be wiser to-morrow.'"

The admirable harmony also between the Bandit of the authoress in the same annual, and the Brigand of the engraver, is also noted. And the

'Gentle maiden from whose eye,
Fast falls the unbidden tear.'

which said "gentle maiden" is beautifully delineated as a strapping wench with a night-cap on, and with bare legs big enough for a Hercules, and a bosom exposed to "the peltings of the pitiless storm."

But we are wandering from the Talisman, which we must hastily despatch as a volume abounding with respectable literary material and bad engravings. We have copied from it a considerable part of a humorous tale, called "the Peregrinations of Mr. Petrus Mudd," and we regret that we cannot make room for the whole of it. Mr. Herbert represents himself as one day attracted in the streets of Rome by a singular scuffle, the circumstances of which we leave him to describe.

I ran down to the fray, where I found an odd looking, sallow, sun-burnt, meagre man, with an old fur-cap edged with rusty gold binding upon his head, arrayed in a ragged, but what had once been a fashionable English blue coat, with loose Turkish trowsers, sash and slippers. He was surrounded by some dozen Italians of the lowest order, men and women, some pulling him along, others threatening him with all the extravagance of their national gesticulation, and all uniting in a grand chorus of abuse and execration.

The prisoner was endeavoring to extricate himself, and at the same time he did his best to pacify his assailants, by jabbering in a sort of broken English, which I perceived he used in order to make himself more intelligible to his furious adversaries. I [illegible] air of determination and authority which [illegible] prudent to assume on such occasions, and which seldom fails to be respected. The Italians told me that the Englishman (I cannot stain my page with the innumerable epithets they tacked to every mention of him) had attempted to rob an honest shoemaker of a pair of shoes, and had then drawn his knife to stab him.

Upon asking the culprit how this matter was, he told me, with great pathos, and an air of irresistible veracity, that having quite worn out the slippers he had bought at Cairo, (of which he gave me the ocular evidence,) and having no cash, he had attempted to get himself shod by offering to swap a capital six-bladed English knife for a pair of shoes. The idea of "swapping," as well as the word, convinced me that I had stumbled upon a countryman.

"You are an American, are you not?"

"Yes," said he, with eagerness, "an old Yorker."

Of course I had to get the old Yorker out of the scrape; which was easily effected by paying double the worth of the shoes out of my own purse, and appealing at once to the sympathies of the women, and the religious ideas of all, by assuring them that this was an American pilgrim, out of his head from being crossed in love—a lie which, considering the emergency of the case, may, I hope, be considered pardonable.

My countryman was extremely grateful. "And now," said he, "if you could only take me to a good tavern, the best there is in the place, I could make out." "The best there is?" said I, looking at his strange attire, which, though a little improved by the substitution of the *Ciabattino's* shoes for his well-worn slippers, was still most fantastically wretched. "Oh yes, and then I want to be carried to some great banker or money-dealer in these parts." I stared again—but he had now caught a view of the dome of St. Peter's. "Hey," added he, "what big round steeple is that?"

"It is the dome of St. Peter's."

"St. Peter's—St. Peter's—why, I have'nt got to St. Petersburgh, again, have I? No, that can't be—but is it?"

I began to think that I had stumbled upon the truth in regard to the state of my companion's intellect. "St. Petersburgh! is it possible that you do not know that you are in Rome?"

"Rome—Rome—what Rome? what the old Romans built, where the Pope of Rome lives? Do you live in these parts yourself?"

"No—I am a traveller like yourself—but as you have asked me to get you lodgings, and to introduce you to a banker"—

"Yes," said he, "and then to a tailor, and then I'll pay you for your shoes."

"Well, as you rely on me for all these services, will you be so good as to let me know who and what you are?"

"You shall have it, sir—clear as mud, ha-ha, you take the joke. My name is Mudd, Petrus Mudd—an old Yorker, born in Little Dock street, New-York—name of street altered now by the corporation—I have been travelling for pleasure to London, and France, and Jerusalem, and after the Emperor—I like it, I tell you—though it does come hard sometimes."

It is not worth while to relate the rest of our conversation, during which I satisfied myself that Petrus was no impostor, though I still doubted of his sanity. I took him to my own lodgings, where, after he had made a most voracious supper, talking the whole time, he went to bed, and was sound asleep before it was well dark.

At breakfast next morning, I was pondering what use this strange traveller could have for a banker, when he bolted into my apartment. "Now," said he, "if there is an honest money-dealer here, I can get fixed."

"You have letters of credit, then, or bills?"

"No," answered he, with a knowing look, "I know a trick worth two of that. The old Mother Bank is good enough all the world over, except among the Turks; and a rich Jew that Mr. Salt recommended to me at Cairo, fixed me with gold before I went among them. Look here," said he, producing a little greasy pocket wallet of stained Russia leather, whence he drew a roll of United States Bank certificates, made out in various small amounts; "this is my letter of credit—don't trust the bankers for much at one time—sell out six or eight shares and get gold for them when I am short, you see."

"Do you find no difficulty about sales or transfers, in your travels, then?"

"No—got myself fixed at Paris with a good passport—five feet six inches French, skin brown, nose long, eyes gray, scar across the forehead—fell on the fire-fender when I was little, and cut my forehead open—chin sharp, and my signature with a flourish that the devil can't forge—certificates besides, and all the needful—money-dealers all ready to snap at it, but have'nt been obliged to shell out the scrip but five times since I have been out from New York."

Accordingly, I introduced Mudd to my Banker, where, after the necessary explanations, he "got fixed," and disposed of bank stock enough to provide him with some rouleaus of Napoleons, Sovereigns, Dutch Ducats, and other gold of universal currency, which he selected with great discrimination and a most knowing air. After this, we proceeded to procure dress and equipments in the ordinary fashion of the day.

This Mr. Mudd, it seems, was originally enticed from his quiet home by the bequest of a handsome fortune, which some fat alderman in England dying without heirs had left to his Yankee relative. Mr. Mudd went across the Atlantic to take possession of his property, and after settling his business at Bristol was about taking his immediate departure for New York, when his agent said to him,

"What, home, Mr. Mudd! home, without seeing London, and the Tower, and Westminster Hall, and the twelve judges, and the other lions? You have heard about them in America, I dare say. Hilary term begins next week, and I mean to go up to town myself—hope the pleasure of your good company up—show you a little life in London—not like this dull old city. Poor Bristol is not what it was before your American rebellion—I beg pardon, but you'll go to London with me, instead of leaving us so soon for America?"

"Why yes—I don't care if I do go with you to London. How far is it?"

To London they went, where Mr. Mudd, under the guidance of his friend Stubbs, saw all the lions, and growled at them all. "London was just like New York," he said, "only uglier and bigger, and the oysters not so good."—He even refused to join Mr. Stubbs in his reverent admiration of the judges in their gowns and wigs, and maintained stoutly that they neither looked nor talked so well as the Recorder of New York.

"Mr. Mudd," said Mrs. Stubbs, one morning, "we go to Paris next week, and it would give us great pleasure to have you of our party. You ought to see Paris, you know, as well as London, before you return to America.—All the world, that is at all *comme il faut*, has been to Paris." "Yes," added Mr. Stubbs, "and you may go home, if you like it, just as well from France as from this side the channel."

"Can I?" said Mudd, "well, I'll go to Paris with you. How far is it?"

To Paris the party went, and there every thing being new to our traveller, and unlike what he had ever seen before, he marvelled much, and was amused, if not instructed or delighted.

One evening he was taking his ices at Tortoni's, with as much easy indifference as if he had been in the habit of going there as regularly all his life as he had to Contoit's, when a Boston merchant whom he had somewhere seen before, told him that he was going to Amsterdam next *Friday*. "I should like to go with you," said Mudd; "how far is it?"

On *Friday* they set off with post horses, and at every stage of his road, Lille, Brussels, Antwerp, Utrecht, Mudd grew better and better pleased with travelling. They arrived in good order at Amsterdam, and as it happened to be during one of the fairs, Mudd almost on alighting in the evening, got in the street a genuine New York meal of tea and "hot waffels."

Mudd had scarcely got safely lodged at the Great Doelen, before he began to talk to his companion about making "the whole tour of Europe before he went back home." The next day our hero was introduced to a wealthy *Dutch* merchant, who had travelled in the United States, was much connected with American commerce, and spoke English well. Mudd here again expressed his new-born delight in travelling, and his fancy to see some more of the world.

"Would you like to see Russia?" said the polite Dutchman.

"Russia—Russia—yes—I have never been to Russia—how far is it?"

"I ask," added the merchant, "because it happens that one of the Russian Imperial couriers, a confidential person whom I have long known, returns to St. Petersburgh to-morrow with despatches from our court to our great and good ally the Emperor of Russia. He, I know, would have no objection to a travelling companion."

Mudd accepted the proposal at once; and next morning he was introduced to his new fellow traveller, a broad-shouldered, ruddy, good-humoured little Cossack, in front of the old stadt-house, now a palace of the King of Holland, where he and his trunk (at the size whereof the Russian grumbled not a little) were crammed into a stout travelling two-horse vehicle, and off they went with as much expedition as a Dutch postillion could be made to undergo.

Fortunately Mudd and the Russian together called all the languages of Europe between them; but as unfortunately, the only one Mudd could speak or understand, was the only one the other could not. So on they went in silence, eating, drinking, and sleeping in the vehicle, and changing horses at each post without a moment's delay.

On they went (as I have heard him repeat the roll of names) from "Vogelsdorf to Muncheburgh, from Muncheburgh to Dolgelin, and so on to Schoenbeck, and from there to Schneidemuhl, and so to Wilsitz; and from Wilsitz to Bromburg, and from Bromburg to Ostrometzkow, and so through Graudentz and Marienwerder and Riesenburgh to Mulhausen and Heppenbruch and Brandenburgh, till they got out of the Prussian states; and thence through Jarkaw, and Skwarsen, and Mimmershaieh and Heiligenale, by the way of Schulzenkrug, to Riga." From Riga they proceeded (as Mudd used to rattle the names off with enviable glee and never-failing accuracy) through Hilchefer, Roop, Gulben, Teylitz, Kuybatz, Igafehr, and so on through a dozen names harder and harder, to Cairkowiene, and thence to St. Petersburgh.—Into that capital they galloped in great style and dashed to the office of foreign affairs at the imminent hazard of running over old women, children, and plebeians of all sorts. Whilst Mudd gazed around at the fine buildings, and the long beards and other novelties, the courier alighted to present his despatches, when he was informed by the Chancellor of his department that the Emperor had gone to Moscow, and that these despatches being directed to Alexander in person, he must go after him without delay. The Cossack swore roundly by St. Nicholas, but he knew the law of his service, and submitted; for in Russian diplomacy despatches addressed to the Sovereign in person, must be delivered by the original official bearer in person likewise. Whilst fresh horses were harnessing, the courier tried to explain this matter to Mudd, and let him know where he was going, but in vain. Mudd either did not understand, or did not care to quit his fellow traveller, and off they went again, "tramp, tramp" through "Tchoudowo and Podberesie to Novgorod;" and thence by Zaitsowa, Rahinoff, and Tugolsk, through Khaitelovo to Vichnei, Volotchok and Vishnei-bouchekin to Tver, and thence again by Vishnei... and Klin and Tchernaia-Griaz, all on the road to Moscow.—At Moscow they learnt that the Imperial Alexander had gone on still farther, somewhere towards the Caspian.—Therefore, on again went the messenger, and with him his companionable companion sticking to him like the old man of the sea to the unfortunate Sinbad. Here the comforts of wheel-carriages gradually ceased. Mudd, from his city education, was no great horseman; but it was fine summer weather, and the Cossack was full of fun and good nature, and the good cheer purchased by Mudd's ducats had increased his natural amiableness; so, by paying for an additional horse for the big trunk, after a little practice, and no small share of that galling and chafing to which awkward horsemen are subject on long rides, Mudd got along better than any one would have supposed, until after some eight or nine hundred versts of hard travel, he reached the Imperial sojourn. The despatches were safely delivered, and Mudd as safely lodged at a sort of inn or post house. The very next morning his friend the courier sought him out, with horses ready saddled, and informed him in that conventional jargon which repeated trials had made familiar and intelligible to both, that he was off again, and invited Mudd to accompany him. Mudd wanted to know "how far off" their new place of destination was, but he could not make himself understood; and as he saw no better way of getting within hail of salt water and the sound of English, he re-mounted, though with a rueful aspect, a sad heart, and a sore skin. But, alas! he knew not the journey which he was now re-commencing. His Mercury of a bearer of despatches, had had the luck (good or ill, I know not how he estimated it) to arrive at the very moment when all the other members of his rough-riding fraternity had posted off North, South, East, and West, and at the very moment, too, when the policy or the caprice of the Emperor required an immediate communication to be made to his minister at Madrid; and thither Pulutka the Cossack messenger was sent, with Mr. Petrus Mudd under his charge. Mudd never could speak or think of the first days of his journey without visible annoyance, and rubbing his knees and other parts in sympathy for their by-gone sufferings; but when he got into the region of wheel carriages and taverns, where, though he could not stop to rest, he could buy good wine and plenty of cold eatables, he became cheerful and happy. Then they rattled on across Germany to Strasburg, and so across France to Bordeaux, and thence by St. Jean de Luz, to the frontiers of Spain, and so by Burgos, Segovia, and Puente del Retamar, to Madrid. The ducats were now quite drained, and the Russian was well-tired of his companion: so that when they were arrived at Madrid, as soon as he had delivered his missives to his own ambassador, he deposited Mudd at the door of the American legation. Our minister could hardly credit Mudd's tale, until the production of his travel stained passport, duly visé'd by ministers of police, commandants of posts, and custom-house officers of all nations, satisfied him of the extent and velocity of his journeys on the continent.

Having arrived at Madrid, Mr. Mudd rested a few days, when one day he heard a book-making traveller talk of going to Egypt.

Mudd, when at home, was always a regular church-going man, and the land of Egypt sounded so familiarly in his ears, that it struck him that it would be quite an agreeable matter to be able when he got home and heard a sermon about Joseph and Moses and Egypt, to tell his minister that he had been among the Pharaohs, and seen their butchers and bakers and magicians.

"When do you go, Mr. W——?" said he. "I shall probably sail to-morrow or the day after." "I'll go along with you. How far is it?"

The consul tried to advise and expostulate, but in vain. The Englishman was glad to find a companion of any sort, and still more an able-bodied man who could pay his own expenses; so, in a day or two, Mudd and the [illegible] traveller sailed straight for Egypt. There Mudd followed his new friend wherever he went, ascended the Nile, crawled through the Pyramids and clambered up them, assisted in measuring and digging out monuments and [illegible] statues, got choked with mummy dust, stifled and baked in the sepulchres of the Pharaohs, wondering all the while what was the meaning of so much trouble about nothing, especially when they might in the same time and at less expense have travelled two or three thousand miles straight forward. He heartily wished the job was finished, but saw no prospect of its completion. At last he told his companion so, one day, as he was deep in his drawings and measurements. They quarrelled and parted in a pet, and happy in his liberation Mudd returned to Cairo.

There he called upon the well-known Mr. Salt, whose acquaintance he had made on his first coming to Egypt. Salt, presuming of course, that, strange as his conversation and manners were, he must yet be a scientific or literary traveller, observed to him that he presumed he would not leave the East without seeing Jerusalem.—"Jerusalem, and the Pharisees and the Sadducees, and all that," thought Mudd. "Yes," added he aloud, "I would like to go to Jerusalem. How far is it?"

Mr. Salt kindly introduced him to a trusty Arab, the owner of three or four camels, who had picked up English enough during the occupation by the British army and navy, to drive a bargain. The bargain was made, and the Arab duly covenanted to transport Mudd safely to Jerusalem and back again in due time. He was mounted on a camel, and trotted off into the desert in the midst of a caravan of Turks, Jews, Arabs and Greeks, as rapidly as his heart could desire, though not quite so comfortably as he expected; for whoever has tried a camel's back, knows by hard experience, that (except perhaps to an Arab) this is the most uneasy and fatiguing of all possible modes of conveyance. At last, after some days' hard travel, they arrived at a queer straggling little village, when the carrier jumped off his camel, and pointing about him, said to Mudd, Rub-saloom, Rub-saloom. Our voyager thought this could not well be the great city of Jerusalem, of which he had seen so many large prints, and began to suspect that he had been cheated, perhaps decoyed into the wilderness, to be made a Guinea slave, or sold to the Algerines.

Jerusalem this certainly was not, nor on the road thither, but a little trading town of a somewhat similar name, and directly in the other direction from Cairo, being some distance south, down the coast of the Red Sea. Jerusalem itself is in the East never known by that name, being always denominated *El Kods*, the holy city; with sometimes the additional epithet of *El Sherif*, the noble; and had Mudd mentioned it by either of these titles, our adventurer would have been duly transported thither. All to be done at present was to wait as comfortably and contentedly as he could, till his trading fellow travellers had concluded their affairs, or some other caravan was ready to return. Luckily, knowing nothing of the perils [illegible] was, he got over his fears, and as [illegible] there was no ground for having any. At length he was duly carried back again over the desert, and safely delivered at the British consulate.

His pride was now roused; he was afraid of being laughed at, and to the true Jerusalem, by whatever name those blockheads called it, he was determined to go. So, therefore, he did. For a due consideration the same Arab agreed to transport him there without any mistake, and to re-deliver him at Cairo within a stipulated time.

Parched and burnt with the August sun of Palestine, every bone aching, and every joint stiff with fatigue and riding, sorely galled, blistered, and bruised, he arrived at Jerusalem about three o'clock in the afternoon, and as he rode along he viewed the city with more than usual interest. On alighting at the caravansera or monastery, (for as he does not know, I cannot tell where his guide lodged him,) after devouring a hearty meal, he fell asleep and slept without turning or tossing until next morning. Then, just after sunrise, his guide shook him by the shoulder, informing him as well as he could that he was going back, and bid him make ready to mount and accompany him. Mudd expostulated in great indignation, and expressed his determination to stay and see the city, and all the fine things that must be there. But the Arab was inexorable, and Mudd had now so long been under his absolute command that he could not bring himself to disobey; besides, if the Arab returned without him, how was he to get back? With a heavy heart, a sore skin, and a most uncomfortable state of body and mind, he crawled upon his camel again, joined another returning company and was in the regular course of trade duly delivered at the consulate at Cairo.

He had now quite enough of the East, and as soon as rest and good fare had recruited his health and spirits, took shipping from Egypt [illegible] Italian felucca, loaded with grain and bound to [illegible] he could either get a passage to New-York, or [illegible] to travel wherever he might please, through a land of taverns, beds, post-horses and public conveyances. With his usual whimsical fortune, a storm, not very terrible, but sufficient to alarm Italian mariners, (perhaps coupled with other reasons of convenience,) induced the *Padrone* of his vessel to put into Civita Vecchia instead of holding on for Leghorn. Mudd had paid out his last gold piece in advance. He did not at all like the looks of the immediate liege subjects of the church at Civita Vecchia, and found nobody in that poor little emporium of Rome's navigation, to whom he could explain his wants. Knowing, however, from the crosses in the churches and the hats, coats and breeches of the men, that he was now somewhere in Europe, he wisely determined to [illegible] until he came to some large city, where somebody could speak English and understand the nature of the scrip of "the Mother Bank." That peculiar providence which the French proverb truly says always watches over fools and drunkards, brought him in safety to Rome, and there he fell in my way in the manner already related.

From Rome Mr. Mudd went to Naples, and thence, falling in with a Danish captain of a small vessel from the Baltic, he proceeded to Copenhagen. Here bank stock began to run low, and he concluded to take passage to America. But as the America of Copenhagen and all Denmark, consists altogether of their West India islands, of St. Thomas and St. John's, when he was three days out, he found he was making a winter passage, in company with a Danish Counsellor, his wife and nine children, two doctors, four overseers, with eighty recruits for the Danish troops in the West Indies, and a cargo of fish, tallow, tar, and butter. They all arrived in good order, after a blustering passage of *one hundred and four days.*

But the peregrinations of the wanderer were now to have an end, and getting on board a brig bound to New York, he found himself soon after in sight of his native city, where he arrived after an absence of three years, seven months and eleven days.

We have received a copy of a German translation of *Sparks's Life of Ledyard*, just published at Leipsig. The translation is by C. F. M[illegible]lis, and appears to be ably executed.

A new Comedy. We understand that a comedy adapted to this meridian, and founded on local manners and events, is in preparation by a gentleman of this city, and is entirely completed, except the fair transcript. It is to be entitled "*The School for Co*[illegible] *or a Week in Boston.*" Among the dramatis personæ are, *Mr. Simon Spout*, a country representative,—*Mr. Sharp*, a note-shaver,—and *Richard Tiptoe*, Esquire, a Boston exquisite.

STATISTICS OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

Translated from the Messager des Chambres.

The Ottoman Empire is estimated to contain 47,744 square miles (French) of which 10,000 are in Europe. The European population of the empire has been diversely calculated. Balbi estimates it at 9,500,000, Hassel at 10,183,000.—Others at 10,600,000. Of this number not more than 2,371,000 are Turks. The rest are Mahometans, Jews and Christians. There are 5,000,000 Greeks, 300,000 Jews, and 80,000 Armenians.—The total amount of the population of the empire in Europe, Asia and Africa is 25,550,000.

The annual revenue is about 15,000,000 dollars. The annual expenses of the government do not exceed 1,240,000 dollars. The national debt is about 25,000,000. The revenue [illegible] appropriated to the public treasury of Turkey, but there is another branch of revenue arising from [illegible], heritages, imperial domains, and contributions; this belongs to the *Hak hazne* or *khasneh* (the imperial treasury.) The accumulation of this fund is said to be enormous, each Sultan is obliged to add to it a certain sum according to the length of his reign.

Since the abolition of the order of Janissaries, it is impossible to form a precise estimate of the military strength of the empire. Before this event the regular army amounted to 124,000 foot, and 30,000 horse; the feudal militia amounted to 120,000, the greater part cavalry. The naval force consisted in 1826, of 21 ships of the line, 21 frigates, 8 corvettes and 20 smaller vessels, mounting in all 2990 guns and manned by 3[illegible] men. This marine however, was [illegible] the battle of Navarino.

Turkey in Europe [illegible] 000 inhabitants; five of [illegible] eleven of 20,000; and twenty [illegible]

The Order of The C[illegible] Selim III. in the year 18[illegible] to three classes. The [illegible] following titles—"We the [illegible] Sultan, Mahmoud II., [illegible] Sultan Abdul Hamed, [illegible] Creator of the world [illegible] mediation of the miracul[illegible] Mussulman chief of the [illegible] blooming paradise, [illegible] of Mecca, Medina [illegible] eyes of the whole [illegible] of prayer; [illegible]

[illegible], Edrene, and Bursa, the envy of all monarchs."

The reigning padishah or Grand Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, Mahmoud II. was born July 20th, 1785. He acceded to the throne July 28th, 1808. He is of the eighteenth generation from Osman I. the founder of the present dynasty, and is the thirtieth sovereign of that dynasty.

BOSTON MERCURY.

"'Tis good to be merry and wise."—Old Song.

A SOLEMN WARNING TO THE CLERGY, OR A TALE OF A TEMPEST.

In the year—no matter when, but somewhat later than the time when as Corporal Trim says, "the giants began to leave off breeding," I left the great city of Boston on a summer's ramble into the country. With the usual fortune of travellers I encountered a diversity of the most remarkable adventures upon the journey, worthy of minute narration and everlasting remembrance. The marvellous incidents upon the road; the strange characters I fell in with; the wonderful scenes I witnessed, and the profound cogitations I was thrown into by such a train of marvels, would fill a volume in the description, were they duly set forth according to the style of those worthy folks among us who spy wonders and spin long yarns. I am excessively grieved at not being able to present the reading world with this chapter of accidents, but have unfortunately forgotten the whole of them.

In spite of all these, however, I arrived with a whole skin at the house of my uncle, where I purposed to spend most of my rustication. My uncle was a great man in the world of which his town formed the centre, a very magnate, being at the same time deacon, squire, selectman and colonel of militia, a conglomeration of dignities, which did not fail to inspire me with suitable awe; nevertheless, I was received by the old gentleman with a hearty welcome, and soon made myself at home among uncles, aunts and cousins to the five and fortieth degree. I am naturally of a yielding, wax-like disposition, and take the shape of any object that I happen to be thrown against; my practice is therefore among the grave or the gay, the wise or the foolish, cits or rustics, to imbibe the spirit which animates those about me, talk, think and act like them, and be a Roman among the Romans.

Behold me, then, domiciliated in a snug little nook of the country, surrounded by natives. No more a cit, politician, poet, philosopher or dandy, but as much of a bumpkin as the best of them. I joined every social circle that was gathered, listened to the long stories of the old farmers, talked country politics with the squires, and religion with the parson; discussed scandal with the gossips, and fiddle-faddle with the girls, and explored every queer corner of the land by daily rambles in search of company or adventures. In one of these excursions, I was returning home late in the evening, when I found my course stopped by the river. There was a ferry by which I had crossed in the afternoon, but the boat was on the opposite side. I halloed across the stream, but got no answer from the boatmen, not one of them was to be seen, and no means of crossing the river was at hand.

I sat down upon the bank to wait for the appearance of some of the neighborhood, who might direct me what course to pursue, but not a soul showed himself. Night was fast gathering around me; the forests threw their dusky shadows over the river; the banks darkened into blackness; flights of bats skimmed about in the air, and all was hushed in a dead stillness, that was broken only by the hoarse and lugubrious notes of the night-hawk, who now and then screamed over the water. This was a situation that [illegible] in the woods, and the night coming. I began, however, [illegible] to feel that I had enjoyed quiet enough of the romantic for the present occasion, as the darkness increased and thick clouds began to cover the heavens. I halloed still louder than before, but the sound only came dropping back as an echo from the opposite bank. The clouds had now completely shut out the light of the stars, drops of rain began to fall and warn me of the impending shower. I saw that I must betake myself to some place of shelter.

I began my search along the shore, and after proceeding a short distance, a light gleamed through the trees towards which I directed my course, and arrived at what I discovered to be a meeting-house. There was a lecture. I determined to make one of the devout congregation, for want of better quarters, till the shower was over. I slipped in at the door just as the choir in the broad aisle were singing Old Hundred most horribly out of tune; I got into an obscure corner not to disturb any one by my intrusion at that unseasonable hour, and began to enjoy the music. The precentor or head singer stood up, with his back to the congregation and minister, and beat time most admirably by sawing the air with his right arm, which, long and stiff, stuck out like a pump-handle, and afforded ample space of time between each successive stroke for the pouring forth of a full stream of melodious notes, in [illegible] long drawn out. A pursy, short-winded [illegible] sat in an old chair under the eaves of this gallant coryphæus, and scraped away with great zeal and diligence upon a bass-viol with three strings. He seemed inclined to compensate for this small deficiency in the construction of his instrument by the loudness of the melody, for every twang of the catgut made the windows rattle.— The others lifted up their voices and sung most lustily through the nose, making haste, whenever they discovered that they had lost time, by leaving out a note here and there. Such of the congregation as had music in their souls joined in the chorus, and would have made a great addition to the harmonious sounds, but they unfortunately fell into a little discord; one got immensely out of time, another hit upon the wrong verse of the hymn, and a third after swelling the harmony with all the power of his lungs [illegible], made the discovery by the odd sort of jangling with which his notes chimed in, that he had been [illegible] with a stave of Little Marlborough.

I was so much occupied with the novelty of this concord of [illegible], that I had not time while it lasted, to [illegible] other part of the scene [illegible]. At length the last line of the hymn being [illegible] out, with a tone [illegible] that it [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] in the corner where I had placed myself, till service should be over or the shower past. No one observed me, from the obscurity of the place, which the feeble light of the illumination was not sufficient to remove, and the congregation crowding round the preacher in order to hear more distinctly, I was left alone, and quite at leisure to exercise my remarks, or indulge in such reflections as the objects near me gave rise to. I continued to gaze at the scene before me, as the dim and flickering light of the candles pierced through the thick gloom sufficiently to enable me to discern any thing with distinctness. The sermon was excellent, every one listened with the most profound attention, but as the worthy preacher advanced in his discourse as far as "seventhly," "eighthly," and "ninthly," I could not avoid feeling a small degree of drowsiness, which was doubtless owing to the fatigues of the afternoon. It grew darker and darker; the sexton appeared to have fallen into the quiescent state, for the candle snuffs grew portentously long. The tones of the preacher's voice fell on my ear heavy and dull; I heard him say "tenthly," and "eleventhly," but here my recollection fails; I dropped into a sound sleep.

There was an odd confusion of images roving through my brain in the shape of a dream. Methought I was upon the bank of the river, at the ferry, where I had hunted up a boatman and forced him to row me across, but about in the middle of the stream, behold, the boat became transformed into a bass-viol, and the boatman turned into the little pursy musician, who, giving a lusty jerk to one of the strings, that shook me in such a manner as to make my bones rattle, jumped astride of his fiddle bow and rode off through the air like a witch on a broomstick. The waves dashed my boat in the river, and I was beginning to sink, when, perceiving something near me protruding out from the bank, I caught hold of it, and looking up, found myself in the grasp of the long windmill-armed fellow who beat time. He continued his musical exercise undisturbed by the burthen in his hand, and kept ducking me in the stream as he measured crotchets and quavers, till I had totally lost my recollection. By and by methought I revived, and found myself in the meeting-house, seated in front of those redoubtable personages, the deacons, who stared at me over the tops of their spectacles with most appalling looks. The minister eyed me from the top of his desk, and looked cannon balls in my face from a pair of green goggles, the while lifting up his voice with a tremendous intonation, like one crying in the wilderness. Every eye became fixed upon me, with a glare that was completely petrifying. The sexton brandished an enormous pair of snuffers, and, with a most truculent visage, stretched them out to snuff the head from my shoulders, when, in an instant, all the lights went out, and the congregation struck up a psalm tune that sounded like a northwester, singing through the cracks of a barn door. They sung so long and drawlingly that I thought they never would have done. This was the last I could remember of what passed in my sleep.

To my great relief I at last found myself awake and free from the witchcraft of the little bass-viol man, the see-sawing in air and water of the regulator of musical bars, the terrible looks of the parson and deacons, and their spectacles. The sexton also, with his black and blood-thirsty snuffers had vanished into thin air, and the harmonious notes of the psalm tune were borne to the four winds. I sprang up with a joyful leap at perceiving myself released from all these horrors. A broad and dazzling glare of light overpowered my eyes. My first impression was, that a great number of candles had been newly lighted up for the benefit of the congregation, but the next instant I perceived that the light came in at the windows. It was broad day, and I was alone!

This was somewhat singular at the first thought, but was easily explained upon a moment's reflection. I had fallen asleep in a corner where no one had observed me. The fatigue of the preceding afternoon, and the monotonous sound of the preaching had lulled me into so profound a slumber, that it became prolonged beyond the time of service, and the congregation had left the house without perceiving me. The careful sexton had been so purblind and inadvertent as to suffer the place where I sat to escape his notice when he made his inspection of the premises, previous to closing the doors, and I was left to my nap undisturbed.

"Mercy on me!" thought I, "to be left asleep all night in a meeting-house; how I shall be laughed at. What the vengeance possessed me to sleep so sound. A plague upon long sermons! What was that blockhead of a sexton thinking about, that he did not discover and waken me?" I did not waste time, however, in giving vent to my complaints, but hastened to a window in the rear of the building, with a view of making my escape from it unobserved by any person who might be passing. I threw up the sash and sprang out, and cast a look around——

But ah! what astonishment seized me at the sight.— Before me spread out a level unbroken plain, to the extent of two or three miles, at which distance the roofs and spires of a large town were shining in the rays of the morning sun. I looked around for the thick forest which had surrounded me the last evening—it was not to be seen. I looked for the steep and rocky banks of the stream, overhung with pine and juniper trees, which I had in vain attempted to cross the afternoon previous—no such appearance was to be traced any where. In the place of the woods, I discovered waving and extensive cornfields; the river was to be seen at some distance, flowing rapidly between low and flat shores of salt meadow, while the appearance of the town in the distance, completed the magical transformation of the scene, and made me doubt whether I was really awake and in my senses.

There was nothing around me that I could recognize except the meeting-house, which appeared to be not at all changed. Every thing else bewildered and confounded my senses. I was lost in astonishment, and unable at first to suggest any idea to myself which might enable me to account for all these wonders. Was I bound in a spell of enchantment? Or had I slept a hundred years? I thought of the seven sleepers, of Peter Klaus, of Rip Van Winkle. "Yes," said I to myself, "it must be so,—I have been sleeping fifty, a hundred, or perhaps five hundred years; there can be no doubt of it; I have often, half in jest, half in earnest, expressed a wish, like Dr. Franklin, to return to life after a few hundred years, and witness the wonderful transformation of this thriving country at that time, and now I have it with a vengeance!"

This thought oppressed me beyond measure. The novelty of such a singular adventure had lost all its charms, now that I reflected upon the forlorn and desolate condition in which I should find myself, among people, not one of whom knew, remembered, or had ever heard of me.— But was it the fact? Had I really been sleeping for such a length of time? I looked around me again,—I remembered the scenes and occurrences of yesterday, and saw every thing around me transformed. There was no other way to account for this extraordinary metamorphosis.— "'Tis too true," I exclaimed, "I have been sleeping for a century, or am bewitched and that is just as bad."

What would I have given to have been restored to the times in which I was born. "I shall know nobody that I see when I go to Boston," thought I, "and unless I have had the good luck not to sleep more than fifty or a hundred years, it is a wonder if I know the place itself." I began, however, to console myself with the persuasion, that it might have been a short nap of twenty or thirty years, in which case, I should be able to recognize some of my old friends, but even then, what a transformation would there be!

In the midst of this reverie I was startled by the sound of voices at a distance. I looked round, but could see no one near. The sound grew louder, and seemed to come over the water. I looked up the stream, and presently discovered a boat filled with men, rowing down the current. Directly, on coming in sight, they burst into a loud shout, "Hurrah! there it is, there it is," and pulling to the shore, they landed and came running towards me.

"Here it is, here it is," they all exclaimed, "we've found it at last. Here it is, high and dry." I ran towards them at full speed. "Ahe," said they, "we have found it, Sir." I could no longer restrain my impatience.— "Found what?" said I.

"The meeting-house."

"What meeting-house?"

"Why,—the Methodist meeting-house, that got adrift last night by the rising of the river, and floated down the stream; but here she is, hard and fast."

"Heaven be praised," I exclaimed, "that I have not slept a hundred years." I got well of my fright as soon as could be expected, and the only effect of the adventure, which remains to this day, is a mortal antipathy to long sermons.

FRENCH WHISKERS FOR YANKEE FACES.

"Whiskers!" cried the Queen of Navarre, dropping her knitting ball as La Fosseuse uttered the word. "Whiskers! Madam," said La Fosseuse, pinning the ball to the Queen's apron, and making a curtesy as she repeated it.—*Tristram Shandy.*

Fashions are pestilent things; they make one look ridiculous and spend money for that which is not bread.— Yet a body must follow the fashion in some degree at least, or be set down as "vulgar, dowdyish and suburban." There is no great trouble indeed in conforming to the reigning taste in the cut of a sleeve or lappet, or the periphery of a hat crown. But if such fashions as the one indicated in the advertisement below, get into vogue, [illegible] heaven preserve us. We never could imagine how any well meaning fellow can entertain the desire to make himself look like a ruffian.

Whiskers.

An assortment of Paris made Whiskers just received at E. E. Dyar's Ornamental Hair-Store, 86, Washington-street.—*Boston Gazette.*

Artificial whiskers forsooth! Stuck upon the cheeks we suppose with glue or shoemaker's wax. Gentlemen who make use of these elegant ornaments must take care how they shed tears or wax warm with passion, lest their whiskers should wash or melt away.

The above invention accounts to us for the rapid and precocious virility of countenance which we have remarked in sundry young fellows about the town, whom we beheld but the other day with as smooth faces and innocent looks as need be, but who became to our great astonishment suddenly transformed into men by the springing up of the most tremendous looking whiskers on their youthful visages. We were puzzled to explain this phenomenon, knowing from our physiological studies that these appearances at so early an age, were never met with except in cases like that of the Wild Man of the Woods—the Pig-faced Lady, and animals of the cat kind. We were about to suggest the matter to the notice of the naturalists of the city, and had actually spoken to Dr. Fisher, with a view to have it brought before the faculty, never suspecting that the capillatory monstrosities aforesaid were not indigenous to the cheeks of the young gentleman who bore them.— We were hugging ourselves with the thought that we had discovered a remarkable *lusus naturæ.*

Mr. Dyar's advertisement, however, puts a new *face* upon the matter, and by looking sharp we now discover the juvenile phizzes of these young chaps behind their "Paris made whiskers," as plainly as Snug the Joiner's face was seen through the hole in the Lion's hide. Whether these sham concerns are likely to get much into vogue we know not; at any rate, we are certain the ladies will *set their faces against them.*

GOSSIP.

This fellow picks up wit as pigeons peas.
Love's Labor's Lost.

Button Up. Isaac C. Button is nominated as a representative to the Legislature of Louisiana.

Stocks Falling. Black Stocks, which were all the go some time since among the tip-top exquisites, seem to be declining. They have made us a stiff-necked generation long enough.

Pulling off the old Man with his deeds. A wealthy old miser in England lately offered a donation of a large landed property to a charitable institution: he had prepared the deeds and was ready to sign them, but by the negligence of the board of directors, he was put off for a few days, and within that time died suddenly.

Sowing wild Oates. Elnathan Oates, a crazy fellow, who ran away from the Insane Hospital a few weeks ago, has been taken in Connecticut. He was so furious on being apprehended that it was found necessary to *sew him* up tightly in a strait jacket.

Sound Doctrine. Professor Gipfel, of Erlangen, has broached a new doctrine of sounds. We do not exactly understand it, and are doubtful if people will hear any better in consequence of the Professor's discoveries.

"Gothic to a degree." The new Trinity Church in this city has just been finished in the Gothic style. The glass of the windows is all ground, to prevent any looking out, a pretty broad hint to the congregation to "mind the sarment."

Marching with fortitude up to the steak. A Temperance paper informs us that a militia company in Maine lately chose a captain, and then sat down to a supper of beef steaks without any spirit! These men can eat all they kill.

I could a tail unfold. A person just arrived in England from Brazil, has in his possession a *gato-paul*, or sort of monkey, with a tail longer than has ever been seen in England "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant."

Skinning a Flint. Daniel Flint, a gentleman from the Emerald Isle, lately had a quarrel with a barber at the North end in consequence of the dullness of his razors, or the stubbornness of Daniel's beard. Daniel affirmed that the barber was "*pealing off the hide from his face like a prata-skin.*" The affair was brought before the Police Court, where Daniel got shaved again to the amount of two dollars costs.

Footing the Bill. A darky, known by the name of "Black Bill" in New-York, was the other day detected stealing clothes out of an entry in Broadway. He was sent off to jail with a sound *kicking* by way of a "walking ticket."

Plaster Cast. An invalid at the Hospital a few days since, in a dispute with one of the physicians, threw an enormous cataplasm in his face. We suspect the wag who had read the description of the affray between Doctor Slop and Susannah, in Tristram Shandy.

Jack-skin died in the wool. John Okie, an Irishman, watching for a woolen factory in the western part of the state, having taken a little too much whiskey aboard, was buried [illegible] the bales of wool and there died.

Detailing and Retailing a Dog. A farmer, whose dog's tail was cut off by a scythe, carried him to a surgeon, desiring to know if any method could be taken to cause his tail to grow out again.

LINES ON DR. JOHNSON,

BY THE LATE DR. WOLCOT.

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile;
Casts of manure a wagon-load around
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?—
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat;
Creates a whirlwind from the earth to draw
A goose's feather or exalt a straw;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter!
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
Bids ocean labor with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle shell upon the shore.
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder, or a rumbling cart!

—*N. M. Magazine.*

Masonic Calendar.

COMMUNICATIONS NEXT WEEK.

Amicable,	Cambridge,	Monday,
Urbanity,	Nantucket,	"
Star in the East,	New Bedford,	"
Corner Stone,	Duxbury,	Monday.
St Paul's Chapter,	Boston,	Tuesday
Boston Encampment, K. T.	Boston,	Wednesday

Marriages.

In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Lowell, Elijah Williams, Jr. merchant, of the firm of Elijah Williams & Co. to Mary Nye, eldest daughter of Benjamin Bangs, Esq.

Andrew L. Chamberlain to Elizabeth, daughter of John Farris.
Bysanton Southworth to Susan M. Francis.
Samuel H. Crawford to Emma Kline.
Thomas Boyd, of Ireland, to Agnes Y. Allen.
Henry Leach Devereaux to Hannah Nichols Emerson.
In Milton, Benj. Page to Hannah Sanborn.
In Newton, Charles Merriam, of Weston, to Caroline, daughter of the late Walter Ware, Esq.
In Scituate, George W. Weatherbee, of Boston, to Sarah B. Clapp.
In Lynn, John Gilpatrick, of Augusta, Me. to Ann Collins.
In Salem, Amos Smith to Martha M. Dwinell.
In Lancaster, Henry Lewis to Sally B. Taylor.
In New Braintree, David Wetherell to Angeline Hunter.
In Templeton, Franklin Whitcomb to Charlotte Johnson.
In Lowell, Ezekiel Webster to Esther Cudworth.
In Westboro', Onslow Peters, Esq. to Hannah Tyler.
In Pelham, Oliver Bryant, merchant, of Enfield, to Rhoda A. Packard.
In Dublin, N. H. Reuben R. Thwing, of Brighton, to Mary Norton.
In Portland, Capt. James Lent to Sarah Rounds.
In Stoneham, Mr. Jason Clapp, a Bachelor of 56, of Dorchester, to Louisa Hutchings, aged 24.
In Bristol, R. I Allen Davis Parker, of Boston, to Mary Smith Spaulding, of Providence.
In Providence, M. Humphreys, of the firm of Bevan & H. of Philadelphia, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late George W. Hoppin.
In Springfield, Lathrop Bliss to Louisa Rice.
At Longmeadow, 27th ult. Deacon Benjamin Putnam, of Worcester, to Mrs. Maria B. Cooley, youngest daughter of Calvin Burt, Esq.
In Windsor, Vt. William Wells to Minerva Forbes; Capt. Edward Forbes to Abba L. Pomroy.
In Woodstock, Edwin Hutchinson, Esq. Attorney at Law, to Eunice E. Dana.
In New York, E. Forman, Esq. of Paris, member of the Chamber of Deputies, and of the Council of State, in France, to Louisa Antoinette daughter of Vincent Boisaubin, Esq. of Morristown, N. J.
In Baltimore, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte to Susan May, only daughter of the late Benjamin Williams. Joseph Bonaparte attended the wedding.

Deaths.

In this city, Robert B. G. Williams, aged 37.
James Horley, 24; Belcher S. Wheeler, 62.
Lucy Ann Harrington, 3; Melville Malcolm, 2.
Mary Eliza Gooch, 14 mos; Mary Jane Babbet, 4.
On Sunday evening, Mrs. Mary Young, aged 38.
Leader Nelson, only son of Leader Dam, aged 3 years 2 mos.
On Saturday, Matthew Loring, aged 79.
In Roxbury, Daniel Newell, 35; James Riley, 30; Nathan Brewer, aged 44.
In Medford, Sarah, relict of the late Isaac Greenleaf, aged 72.
In Brighton, Deacon Thomas Hovey, of Newton, aged 62. His death was occasioned by the wheel of a wagon passing over his neck. It is supposed that he fell from the tongue of his wagon while asleep.
In Watertown, suddenly, Eunice, wife of Joseph Crafts, 42.
In Canton, Hannah, wife of John Davenport, and daughter of Nathaniel Morrison of Stoughton.
In [illegible], Sarah, daughter of Isaac Whiting, 26.
In Marblehead, Susan, wife of William Strong, and daughter of the late Phillip Bessom, aged 60.
In Rowley, Dudley Stickney, aged 31, late a resident in Danvers.
In Haverhill, Ann, wife of Timothy Duston, aged 67.
In Sudbury, Mrs. Anne Stone, aged 60.
In Chelmsford, Nathan Tyler, aged 79; widow Lydia Spaulding, aged 84.
In Newburyport, Elizabeth, wife of Capt. Anthony Francis, 48.
In Charlton, Lucy Ann, youngest daughter of Rev. Edward Turner.
In Northampton, Ruth, wife Col. Jacob Bates, aged 72.
In Wilbraham, Lucretia, relict of the late Gracius Brewer, 74.
In Franklin, Mrs. Nancy Sloan, of Stoughton, 67.
In Eden, Mr. Joseph Mayo, aged 85. He was a Soldier of the Revolution.
In Springfield, Vt. Clarissa L. youngest daughter of the Hon. Jona. Whipple, aged 18.
In Albany, Chauncey Mills, of the firm of Mills & Elder, aged 40 years.
In Charleston, S. C. George Gibbs, a native of Newport, R. I.
At Port Mahon, Sept. —, Lt. Wm. H. Homer, of the U. S. ship Delaware, second son of the late Wm. Homer, of this city.

The number of deaths in this city, returned to the Health Office, the week ending Nov. 7, was only ten, being the fewest which have been reported in one week, for ten years.

HISTORY OF ARMENIA by Father Michael Chamich; from before Christ 2247 to the year of Christ 1780, or 1229 of the Armenian era, translated from the original Armenian by Johannes Avdall, Esq. Member of the Asiatic Society at Bengal, &c. To which is appended a continuation of the History of the translator from the year 1780 to the present date. Printed at Bishop's College Press, Calcutta, in 2 vols. octavo, with maps and plates. Just received, on sale by HILLIARD, GRAY & CO.
nov 13

EAU ADMIRABLE DE COLOGNE. Cologne Water, warranted pure and genuine.
It is now more than a century since this Water was composed and distilled at Cologne, by St. Paul Feminis, an Italian, and is at present distilled there by Francois Marie Farina.
It was approved by the Faculty of Medicine, January 13, 1727, and from that period to the present, it has continued in great repute and use all over Europe.
This Water, composed of the finest and most delicate Aromatics of the Vegetable Kingdom, is distinguished by its volatile spirit, its perfume and its vivifying properties.
Its efficacy is too well known to require a long enumeration of the cases to which it is applicable.
It strengthens the Sight, and relieves the pains in the Eyes, by applying a piece of linen wet with it to the closed eyelids, letting it remain till dry.
It relieves the Ear-ache, by wetting a little cotton with it, and putting it into the ear; and it cures the Tingling in the ear in the same way.
For the Tooth-ache, mix a teaspoonful of this water with two of soft water, and hold the mixture in the mouth as long as possible, and it will give great relief.
For the Scurvy in the Gums, the same mixture is an infallible cure, by washing the mouth with it every morning and evening.
It is excellent for a Sore Throat, mix half and half with soft water, gargle the throat, and at the same time bathe the outside of the throat with the pure Cologne water.
It relieves the Head-ache by bathing the temples, and inhaling it into the nostrils.
For Burns, Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Cuts, &c. it gives immediate relief, and prevents the blood from coagulating.
It relieves the Gout, Rheumatism, Numbness, Cramp, Stiffness of the Neck, and Pains in the side, by bathing and rubbing the parts affected.
It is an Antidote to Infection, and purifies the air in close and warm rooms. Its effects are as agreeable and innocent as they are salutary, and it may be used without fear, taking care not to approach too near the fire or candle with it, as it is susceptible of a sudden and dangerous inflammation.
In Paintings it is superior to any other application.
At Balls, Routs, Theatres, and in all Crowded Assemblies, as well as in travelling in warm weather, it will be found invigorating and refreshing.
It will remove Grease Spots without leaving any stain.
A small quantity thrown into the water before washing, renders the water soft and of a milky whiteness. It has a beautiful effect on the skin, removing Pimples, Spots, Redness, Sunburns, and all Cutaneous Eruptions, and preserves the skin from Chapping. After shaving rub a little of the pure Cologne water on the chin.
It may be taken internally with perfect safety, in cases of Cholic, Flatulency, and various other Pains that flesh is heir to, in doses from 10 to 30 drops, according to the age of the person, mixed with a little wine or water.
In fact, [illegible] its Virtues and Effects, that in Europe it is called the Wonderful Water of Cologne.
It improves by keeping, but great care should be taken to keep the bottles well corked, otherwise the spirit and perfume will evaporate.
Neatly put up in pint bottles and every bottle enveloped with Directions and sealed [illegible]
Price One Dollar per bottle.
A liberal discount made to wholesale purchasers, and orders promptly executed.
Sold wholesale by LEMUEL BLAKE, No. 54 State street, Boston, and may be had of the principal Druggists, Stationers and Perfumers throughout the United States.
nov 13

EAU ADMIRABLE DE COLOGNE

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER, or the Infant School at Home. No. 2, by Rishna[illegible]. Just published by CARTER & HENDEE. oct 30

SALES AT AUCTION.

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow) at 9 o'clock, at Cunningham's Auction Room.

A variety of good Furniture, among which are Venetian and Kidderminster Carpets; Mahogany Pier Tables; Dining and Card do; Fancy and common Chairs; Brass Fireplaces; Tablecloths; B P dining and tea Ware; rich cut glass Tumblers, Wines, Decanters; Bowls and Dishes; Bedstead, Beds and Bedding; mahogany Bureaus; Sofa Bedstead; Wash Stands; with a variety of Kitchen Furniture.

At 11 o'clock.

About 400 pairs ladies', misses' and children's morocco, cloth and leather Shoes, made in the best manner by city workmen—they may be seen at the auction room the day before the sale; 1 hand organ with three barrels.

Also—2 handsome hanging Lamps, with balance weight and chains in excellent order; 1 large stand Lamp, with ground glass shade; a map of the World, with several other maps.

—At half past 12 o'clock—

1 Cooking Stove; and several other do.

J. L. CUNNINGHAM, Auctioneer.

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow,) at 1-2 past 11 o'clock. At Cunningham's Auction Room.

600 double Tulip and 100 Ranunculus Roots, just received per Agent, from London. These roots are represented as being of the very finest sorts, put up expressly for London market, and are probably far superior to any thing that has been offered for sale for many years.— They will be sold in small assorted lots.

J. L. CUNNINGHAM, Auctioneer.

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow,) at 1 o'clock, In front of Cunningham's Auction Room, corner of Milk and Federal streets.

A pair of elegant dapple grey Horses, 8 or 9 years old—sound, kind and well broke, and used to the city—they are in every respect fit for the use of a private family, or would make an excellent pair of stage horses. They may be seen at Morton's stable, Hawley street.

A pair of Coach Horses, warranted sound, have been in the use of a private gentleman.

A bay Horse, good in saddle and chaise, 8 years old, warranted sound.

One Carriage and Harnesses.

Also, 4 good draft Horses, viz. one pair of bay Steeds, warranted sound, one sorrel Horse, one black Mare. All good serviceable horses, sold only for want of employ. May be seen at Morton & Rogers' Stable, Leverett court.

A new Barouche, with Harness, for one horse, an elliptic and steel springs, of good materials, and built in a very thorough and perfect manner, will hold four persons.

J. L. CUNNINGHAM, Auctioneer.

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow,) at 9 o'clock.

At Dorr & Allen's Auction Room, corner of Milk and Congress-streets.

A variety of second hand Furniture, Crockery and Glass Ware, &c.

At 11 o'clock.

Several elegant German Dressing Cases, and Ladies' Work Boxes; 1 fine gold Watch Chain, Rings and Slides.

At 12 o'clock.

1 Cooking Stove, new, very large size, and suitable for a tavern; 1 painted Chaise Body, modern shape made in best manner; 78 Bristol Bricks, for cleaning.

At 11 1-4 o'clock.

A variety of Clothing, suited to the season; Plaid and Camblet Cloaks; 2 excellent Dress Coats; Camblet Wrappers and Top Coats; Pantaloons, Vests, &c.

DORR & ALLEN, Auctioneers.

NEW BOOKS. CARTER & HENDEE have just published and for sale.

A manual of Materia Medica, and Pharmacy, comprising a concise description of the articles used in medicine; their physical and chemical properties, &c. &c. By H. M. Edwards, M. D. and P. Vavasseur, M. D. translated from the French, with additions, &c. by Joseph Togno and E. Durand.

Examinations in Anatomy, Physiology, Practice of Physic, Surgery, Chemistry, Materia Medica, and Pharmacy for the use of students. By Robert Hooper, M. D. from the last London edition, with upwards of 100 additional questions; and an entire new chapter on Poisons.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences. No. 11, for November, 1829.

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine. Edited by J. S. Skinner, Esq. No. 1, Vol. 1, for September, 1829.

A Selection from the Public and Private Correspondence of Vice Admiral Lord Collingwood; interspersed with Memoirs of his Life. By G. L. Newnham Collingwood, Esq. F. R. S. First American from the fourth London edition.

The Atlantic Souvenir for 1830.

The Pearl or Affection's Gift, a Christmas and New Years' Present for 1830.

The Young Gentleman's and Young Lady's Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge; Intended as a Holiday or Birth Day's Present. By W. Pinnock. nov 13

PARLEY'S GEOGRAPHY. Just published and for sale by CARTER & HENDEE, Peter Parley's method of telling about Geography to Children, with 9 maps and 75 engravings, principally for the use of Schools. nov 13

A SELECTION from the public and private Correspondence of Vice Admiral Lord Collingwood, interspersed with Memoirs of his life. By G. L. Newham Collingwood, Esq. F. R. S. with a Portrait. This day received and for sale by HILLIARD, GRAY & CO. nov 13

WILSON'S NEW 13 INCH GLOBES.— Great pains have been taken, in the plates for these globes, to make them elegant as well as useful; and in point of accuracy and execution, they are supposed by good judges to be equal, and in many respects, superior, to those manufactured in Europe.— The TERRESTRIAL GLOBE is so critically correct, as the most recent and authentic surveys can contribute to make them. The tracts of the various circumnavigators are carefully delineated, together with the recent discoveries of Parry and Franklin.

The arrangement of the geographical divisions, &c. of our own country, and the western hemisphere, renders these globes more useful and interesting to the American geographer, and gives them a decided preference to imported globes, on which this continent is greatly misrepresented.

The several States and Territories of the Union are correctly divided by dotted lines, and variously colored, by which they are easily designated. The new thirteen inch CELESTIAL GLOBE, with elegant drawings of the constellations, contains nearly 5000 stars, carefully compiled and laid down, from the latest and most approved astronomical tables, and reduced, according to the precession of the Equinoxes, to the present time. The Celestial Globe, also, contains the names of several new constellations, not to be found on any other globe.

For sale by HILLIARD, GRAY & CO.
nov 13

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE GREEK LANGUAGE; with a key to facilitate the literal and free translation of the text, to point out the Grammatical Construction of Sentences, to show the inversion of style, to supply ellipses, and to explain idiomatical expressions. By W. S. Johnson, principal of the High School of Philadelphia. Just published by HILLIARD, GRAY & CO. nov 6

ANTEDILUVIAN ANTIQUITIES.— Just published by MUNROE & FRANCIS.

Antediluvian Antiquities, translated by an American Traveller in the East. Vol. 1. Price 1 dollar.

"The Translator, renouncing all remuneration for his labor, for the use of a large sum of money advanced for the publication, and for his personal expenses, authorizes Messrs. Munroe & Francis to distribute the entire profits of the sale among "Dorcas Societies and other charities" which are superintended by ladies, in Boston and its vicinity, as a salve for the relief of the poor from the "three Giants, Winter, Old Age, and Poverty."

"It is intended that the second volume shall be published on the next "May-day of the Muses." It is proposed the next spring, that it may be embellished with beautiful engravings of antediluvian scenery. Two volumes of this work, and one of "Vindication of Life, Letters, and the Age," may appear, if called for by the public voice, in all the year 1830.

"Should the name of the author become public, these works will be suspended. But the confidence of the "Translator" of the one, and the "Author" of the other, in the honor and caution of his classical friends, equal if possible to his respect and esteem for them, remains unabated." nov 6

PLAYING CARDS. Eagle, Harry VIII. Decatur, Merry Andrew, and Highlander Playing Cards, for sale at the manufacturers prices, by LEMUEL BLAKE, 54 State street. nov 6

WILLARD PHILLIPS has removed his office to Smith's Buildings, State-street, the fourth door from his former office. 6w oct 9

LECTURES on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews. By Robert Lowth, D. D. Lord Bishop of London. Translated from the Original Latin. By G. Gregory, F. A. S. A new edition with Notes. By Calvin E. Stowe, A. M. Introductory Grammar. By an Instructor. Just received by CARTER & HENDEE. oct 30

REMOVAL.—Stock of Linen Goods and Flannels, selling off cheap. BENJAMIN JACOBS, Jr. respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has removed to store No. 64 Washington street, north of State Street; (opposite Messrs. Cushing, Comer & White,) and as he contemplates changing his present business, offers for sale his entire stock of

Linen Goods and Flannels at prime cost, a greater part of which are of the latest importations, and warranted of the best fabric. Purchasers of Linens and Flannels are invited to call and examine them; among which are the following articles, viz:

Irish Diapers; Birdseye do; Russia do; cotton do; double damask Table Cloths, of a superior quality, from 8-4 to 20-4, with Napkins to match; colored damask Table Cloths, with colored Doylies; fine linen Doylies; linen Cambrics; linen cambric Hdkfs; Long Lawns; 7-8 and 4-4 Irish Linens, in quarters, half and whole pieces, of a superior quality, and from the best bleachers in Ireland; 5-4 and 6-4 [illegible] of superior linen Sheetings; 9-8 Linen, suitable for pillow cases; fine French Linens of a stout texture and entirely unfinished. Also, 200 pieces of British and American Flannels, comprising an extensive assortment, with all the variety of widths; Lowly Cloths; double and single mill'd Flannels; 9-8 Flannel Sheetings; domestic and common, plain and figured Salisbury Flannels. 6tis oct 23

FOR SALE at the Office of the New-England Galaxy, a few complete sets in four numbers of the Spirit of Contemporary Poetry, Vol. 1. American Edition. These numbers comprise the most popular poetical works of Coleridge and of Barry Cornwall. No. 1. Contains choice selections from the "Sybilline Leaves" of the first named author; No. 2, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner;" No. 3. Cornwall's "Sicilian Story," etc., with other poems; No. 4. "The Broken Heart," "Amelia Wentworth," "Julian the Apostate," "The Falcon," &c. &c. This edition is printed in 8vo. on beautiful paper, and with new types. The subscription price was 25 cents per number, but purchasers may now procure the work at a large discount. eptf sept 11

FRENCH (Paris made) SHOES. Just received, per Chenango, an additional supply elegant French SHOES, consisting of Ladies' Misses' and Children's black and coloured morocco, black prunella, bronzes, kid, black and white satin, and black silk. All of which are of a very superior quality and are offered at very reduced prices, by ISAAC WILLIAMS, No. 186, Washington street.
sept 11 tf

Miscellanies.

ADVANTAGES OF HAVING NO HEAD.

The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent—no more.—Shakspeare.

I hate the man who can never see more than one side of a question—who has but a single idea, and that perhaps a wrong one.—No, I adopt an impression zealously, perhaps erroneously, but I forget not the "*audi alteram partem.*" I can plead my own cause, but I have not given myself a retaining fee; I am therefore open to conviction, and forward to acknowledge all that may be reasonably claimed by my opponents. Candor and liberality are my motto, in the spirit of which I begin with confessing, that there are occasions when that bulbous excrescence termed a head may be deemed a handy appendage. As a peg to hang hats on—as a barber's block for supporting wigs, or a milliner's for showing off bonnets—as a target for shooting at when rendered conspicuous by a shining helmet—as a snuff-box or a chatter-box—as a machine for stretching nightcaps, or fitting into a guillotine, or for shaking when we have nothing to say: in all these capacities it is indisputably a most useful piece of household furniture. Yet, as far as my own experience goes, its inconveniences so fearfully predominate over its accommodations, that if I could not have been born a column without any capital, made compact and comfortable by an ante-natal decollation, I would at least have chosen to draw my first breath among,

"The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."—

that by carrying mine adversary in this manner, locked up as it were in mine own chest, I might keep him in as good subjection as St. Patrick did when he swam across the Liffey, and be the better enabled to stomach whatever miseries he might entail upon me.

Away with the hackneyed boast so pompously put forth by simpletons who have no pretensions to the distinction they claim for the race—that man only has a reasoning head. *Tant pis pour lui* If he possess this fine privilege he treats it as worldlings sometimes do their fine clothes—he values it so highly that he has not the heart to use it, or shew it in his conduct. His reason lies in the wardrobe of his brain till it becomes moth-eaten, or if he exert it at all, it is that it may commit a moral suicide and try to get rid of itself. Never so happy as when he can escape from this blessing, he dozes away as much of it as he can in sleep—or blows out his highly vaunted brains every evening with a bottle of port wine—or tells you, with a pavior's sigh, that the happiest man is the laughing lunatic who finds his straw-crown and joint-stool throne a most delightful exchange for all the vanity and vexation of irrational reason. Now, if a man could but leave off at his neck—make his shoulders the *ultima Thule* of his figure—convert himself into a pollard, all this would be accomplished at once. He would not belong to either the family of the Longheads or the Wrongheads; he would be neither headstrong nor headlong; he could not be over head and ears in debt or in love; head-ach, and face-ach, and tooth-ach, and ear-ach, would be to him as gorgons and griffins, and harpies—imaginary horrors; ophthalmick medicines he needs not; he neither runs his head into danger nor against a wall, and whether corn be high or low—rents paid or unpaid—the five per cents. reduced to four, or the three per cents. to nothing, he cares not, for there is no earthly matter about which he can trouble his head. A chartered libertine, he laughs (in his sleeve) at kings and parliament; the wandering Jew, St. Leon, or Melmoth, were not more impassive; guillotines and new drops have for him no more terrors, than has a thumbscrew for a sprat, or light boots for an oyster; Jack Ketch and the headsman are no more formidable to him than are the Centaurs and Amazons to us.—"Let the galled jade wince, his withers are unwrung." The happy headless rogue pays neither powder nor capitation tax. The London Tavern, and the Crown and Anchor are his patrimonial kitchens, wherein he alone may reckon without his host. All ordinaries are at his mercy; he may gorge with his friends until the revel rout be dispersed by the watchmen. "The sloe-juice and ratsbane, and such kind of stuff," be it ever so villainous, can never get up into his brain, and as to the reckoning in all these cases, it is so much *a-head*—and what is that to him?

It may be thought that I have said enough upon this no-head, but I cannot refrain from adding, that a man thus happily truncated would possess immense advantages over his companions, should the guardians of the night break in upon his symposia as I have imagined, for he could not be tweaked by the nose, nor thrust out head and shoulders; although he might tumble down stairs without any risk of breaking his neck or fracturing his skull. During life he might play as many pranks as Yorick the king's jester, and after death no Hamlet could exclaim over his remains—"Why, will he suffer this knave to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery?"

Plato's Atlantis, and Sir Thomas Moore's Utopia, and Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, would all be realized in the felicitous life of such a being as I have suggested. But methinks I hear my fair readers exclaim, what happiness is there without love, and where would such an animal find a mistress? Do we not already hear husbands often complaining that their wives have no heads, and *vice versa?* Besides, might he not seek the original "good woman" of whom a de-capital likeness is suspended at a public-house sign at Shoreditch, and another at Walworth, neither of which did I ever pass in my suburban rambles without many martial yearnings, and longings, and aspirations? These were the only beatific visions that ever identified to me the conception of the novelists and dramatists—Love at first Sight. That stump of a neck is irresistible. In the event of a marriage thus constituted, some difficulty might occur as to the reponses, but it could be obviated by signs as in the unions of our deaf and dumb, not by a nod or shake of the head indeed, but by some equally intelligible indication; and methinks I could rival Catullus himself in composing an epithalamium for such a nuptial pair, for I might safely predicate that they would never lay their heads together to hatch mischief, nor run them against one another in anger, nor lose their time in kissing, nor fall together by the ears. No fear of Bluebeards in this happy state, which, if it could be universally accomplished, would at once restore to us the Saturnia regna—the golden age—the millenium.

Envious, and timid, and jealous people, are perpetually on the watch to oppose every improvement as revolutionary innovation; and by some such I expect to be told that my project is Jacobinical, as tending to make the profane vulgar independent of those legitimate correctives—the axe and the halter; but I cannot see the matter in this light. John Bull, we are sometimes told, is like a restive horse—give him his head and he runs to the devil; but, by my proposition, the common people will never be able to make head at all, whatever be their provocations, so that I really consider myself entitled to the great prize from the members of the Holy Alliance. Other cavillers may urge that it would be injurious to the progress of knowledge and the cultivation of literature, as if the brains could not exist any where but in the head! Buffon, no ignoramus in such matters, was decidedly of opinion that the stomach was the seat of thought. Persius dubs it a Master of Arts,

"Magister Artium,
Ingenîique largitor venter."

We have it on the powerful authority of Menenius Agrippa, a grave Roman, that the belly once maintained an argumentative colloquy with the members. Ventriloquism is yet in its infancy, but who should limit its eloquence were it cultivated from necessity? So satisfied are we of the reflecting disposition of this portion of our economy, that we call a cow, or other beast with two stomachs, a ruminating animal, *par excellence.* Why might not our clergy, instead of dividing their discourses into heads—Cerberean, Polypean, and Hydraform, which always afflicts me with a Cephalalgy—spin the thread of their sermons, like the spider's, from the stomach instead of the head, and apportion them under the titles of the peristaltic motion, the epigastre, the hypochondre, and the colon—names as sonorous and classical as those of the Muses, with which Herodotus has baptized his respective chapters? Even constituted as we now are, with head-quarters already provided for the brains, will any one deny that an Opera dancer's are in his heels, or that Shakspeare had not a similar conviction, when he makes one of his characters exclaim,

"Hence will I drag thee head-long, by the heels,
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave."

Does he not, moreover, distinctly mark the seat of pride and aspiring talent, when he says of Wolsey,

"He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach—ever ranking
Himself with princes."

But I have said enough. If the reader be satisfied that I am suggesting a prodigious improvement, I have carried my point: if he be not I deny that he has a rational head, and thus establish my argument. Here are the two horns of a dilemma, which, if he will continue to wear his super-humeral callosity in spite of my admonitions, may supply it a fitting decoration; and so having conducted him to the same predicament as Falstaff in Windsor Forest, I leave him to moonlight and the fairies.—*Magnet.*

THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER.

In Broad-street Buildings, on a winter night,
Snug by his parlor fire a gouty wight
Sate all alone, with one hand rubbing
His leg roll'd up in fleecy hose
While t'other held beneath his nose
The Public Leger, in whose columns grubbing,
He noted all the sales of hops,
Ships, shops, and slops,
Gum, galls and groceries, ginger, gin,
Tar, tallow, turmeric, turpentine, and tin.

When, lo! a decent personage in black
Enter'd, and most politely said,—
"Your footman, Sir, has gone his nightly track,
To the King's Head,
And left your door ajar, which I
Observed in passing by,
And thought it neighborly to give you notice."

"Ten thousand thanks—how very few get
In time of danger
Such kind attentions from a stranger!
Assuredly that fellow's throat is
Doom'd to a final drop at Newgate.
He knows, too, the unconscionable elf,
That there's no soul at home except myself."

"Indeed!" replied the stranger, looking grave;
"Then he's a double knave.
He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
Nightly beset unguarded doors;
And see how easily might one
Of these domestic foes,
Even beneath your very nose,
Perform his knavish tricks,—
Enter your room as I have done,
Blow out you candles—*thus*—and *thus*,
Pocket your silver candlesticks,
And walk off—*thus*."—

So said—so done—he made no more remark,
Nor waited for replies,
But march'd off with his prize,
Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

A strayed House. Among the numerous things borne down the Medway by the late flood, one article created some amusement. The men on board a barge near Maidstone saw at a distance a thatched tenement gaily sailing down the stream. "Halloo," cries one, "here comes a house to *let!* we may as well make a *freehold* of it." "Yes," replied another, "and at all events the tenant will have no *ground rent* to pay, and 'tis well supplied with *water.*" "Ah," says a third, "and what's better we shan't have any window tax to pay, for the d—l of a peep hole can I see in it." As the building approached, the men formed different opinions as to its use, one swearing it was a *watch-box*, another that it was some new-fangled machine going by steam; and the third, who had read "Gulliver's Travels," said that probably it was a baby-house from the land of Brobdignag.—At last it came in contact with the barge, and by the assistance of tackling, and some exertion, the little edifice was dragged on board. It had a door but it was locked. They knocked, but there was no sound of any one within. A consultation was then held as to whether *breaking into the house in day time, no person being therein*, would be a felony on this occasion. It was proposed that it should be taken ashore as it was, in the expectation of seeing an advertisement of "*Ten Guineas Reward! Stolen or Strayed a House and Appurtenances, &c.*" It was then suggested that it would be more honest for the finders to advertise it in the usual form—"*Stopped a House supposed to have strayed from the owner,*" &c. However, at last it was agreed to take off a little of the thatch, to find whether the *furniture* was damaged. This operation was proceeded in, and in a few minutes the interior was exposed to view. A general shout of merriment ensued when it was discovered that the little *freehold* was nothing more than one of those necessary little conveniences which are generally placed in the most retired part of a garden, and frequently grace the borders of a river.

THE BRIDAL EVE.

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Characters.

Lord Fitz-Alwyn, Hubert, Helen, Isabel, Margaret.

Scene.—A Lady's Chamber in a Baronial Castle.

Helen, Isabel, and Margaret.

Isa. This is the bridal eve, and yet thy lady—
Look how she sits on yonder couch, her head
Bent like a snow-drop, her white clasped hands
Listlessly hanging on her knee, as though
No pulse beat in them. All the livelong day
She hath not moved. Why, Helen! Helen Clifford!
What, not a word to thy poor Isabel—
Thy cousin Isabel? not one kind word,
When we shall part to-morrow?—not one word?
Can this be the dear maid whom once I knew
The merriest heart of merry Cumberland,
Carolling her blithe songs, from morn to eve,
As gaily as the gladsome birds that flew
Around her summer bower?
Mar. Didst thou ne'er see
A caged linnet?
Isa. Oh! how pale she is,
How changed, since o'er those northern hills she swept
On her white Barbary steed, swift as the wind
That waved her glossy tresses, crisp and curl'd
Like the vine's tendrils, o'er that dimpled cheek
Of roses, and those eyes of smiling light,
And that clear brow! All in her huntress green,
She might have seem'd the youngest, fairest nymph
Of crescented Diana, such a glow
Of beauty was about her.
Mar. Hast thou ne'er
Seen a transplanted flower—seen how it droops,
And fades, and dies? Your southern gardens ill
Suit the wild heathbell. She hath never known
Sorrow till now. Now, lady, she hath lost
Her home, her father.
Isa. Is not my home hers?
And my kind father?
Mar. Ay, but she must leave
Even this adopted home, and wed——
Isa. The pride
Of English chivalry! her long betrothed——
And oh, so worthy! bravest in the field,
Gayest at revel, kindest every where,
Is Lord Fitz-Alwyn.
Mar. Grant that it be so,
Unless she loved him——
Isa. She must love him.
Mar. Look!
The very casket, that last night he laid
At Helen's feet, still at her feet it lies,
Neglected, overthrown. The oaken floor
Is bright with jewelry—string'd amethysts,
Rubies, and sapphires, link'd with massy gold——
Helen. Chains! chains! all chains!
Isa. Nay, sweetest coz, see here
This diadem of orient pearl—how well
Thy raven curls become it! how it sits
Amid the ringlets, with a queenly pride,
A maiden modesty! Oh, fling it not
Aside!
Helen. Give me the wild wood coronal
Of living pearls, fresh from the fragrant thorn,
And diamonded with dew! Dost thou remember,
Margaret, the garland of the Queen of May,
When poor—Ah—What's that?
Isa. 'Tis but the distant sound
Of music at the banquet. They feast high.
Helen. Hark! hark! This comes not from the hall.
'Tis here,
Beneath the casement. Margaret, hark! a harp!
A northern harp!
Mar. Beshrew these narrow bars!
I cannot see the minstrel.
Helen. Hush! he sings—

SONG (*without.*)

High o'er the baron's castle tall
Rich banners float, with heavy fall,
And light and song, in mingling tide,
Pour forth to hail the lovely bride.
Yet, lady, still the birchen tree
Waves o'er the cottage on the lea;
The babbling stream was bright and fair—
The love-star of the west shines there.

Isa. How breathlessly she listens! See, she flings
Backward her ringleted and glossy hair,
Lest a loose curl might intercept the sound
Of that sweet music. Margaret, hast thou heard
The strain before?
Mar. The air, but not the words.

SONG (*without.*)

Mail'd warders pace o'er keep and tower,
Gay maidens deck the lady's bower;
Page, squire, and knight, a princely train,
Wait duteous at her bridle rein.
Yet in that cot the milk-white hound,
The favorite falcon, still are found;
And one more fond, more true, than they,
Born to adore and to obey.

Isa. 'Tis a strange bridal song; but it hath waked
The statue into life. Look, how the blood
Mounts in her cheek!
Mar. Hush! it begins again.

SONG (*without.*)

The coronet of jewels rare
Shines proudly o'er a face so fair;
And titles high and higher name
Fitz-Alwyn's lovely bride may claim.
And yet the wreath of hawthorn bough
Once lightlier press'd that snowy brow;
And hearts that wither now were gay
When she was but the Queen of May.

Isa. 'Tis over now. That was the final close.
Why, Helen, wherefore dost thou wave thy hand
From the barr'd casement? wherefore turn away
With thy fine form so raised, so firm a step,
So high a brow, and eyes that in their light
Bear such command?
Helen. Margaret, tell Lord Fitz-Alwyn
That I entreat his presence.
Mar. Dearest lady——
Helen. Question me not, but go.
[*Exit Margaret.*
So! will Fitz-Alwyn,
Think'st thou, obey the call?
Isa. Doubt not of that.
Thou hast been coyer than the fresh-caged bird,
To which poor Margaret liken'd thee; he scarce
Hath seen thee, Helen—scarce hath heard thy voice.

Re-enter Margaret with Lord Fitz-Alwyn.

What, here already!—come upon a wish!
Fitz-Alwyn. I was not far to seek. Hast thou ne'er heard
How wakeful misers haunt the secret spot
Where their heart lies, their gold? Even so lurk'd I
Around my treasure, waiting but to hear
A distant footfall, or a clapping door,
Or pleasant rustling of a silken robe,
Or aught that told of her. What would fair Helen
Of her true knight?
Isa. Sit down beside us here—
She best can speak her will.
Helen. I would but ask him
To listen to a simple tale of one
More simple, a poor northern maid. 'Tis short;
'Twill not detain thee long.
Fitz-Alwyn. Oh, make it long,
That I may listen! Couldst thou know the joy
To sit and hear thee! Oh, prolong the tale!
Speak but till I be weary!
Isa. Now, dear Helen!
Helen. There dwelt a knight among the Cumbrian hills
With one young daughter—an old wealthy knight,
Who had no joy but in the chase, small joy
Even in the chase without her. So she grew
The hardiest mountain-nymph that ever braved
The summer sun, the winter wind. Poor child!
She had no mother, none to teach the quaint
Of female mysteries—the lute, the loom,
The needle—them she knew not. All her love
Was of the beauty of the earth and sky,
The green hills and the bosky vales, the clear
And gushing waters, and the shifting forms
Of clouds. All her companions were the dear
Mute partners of her sports—[illegible]
Amidst their speechlessness! Her Barbary steed,
With his bright arching neck, curved up to meet
Her fondling hand; her greyhound, playfellow
Of happy creatures, of a richer white,
Like marble touched by the sun, leaping and bounding
If he but heard her voice; her falcon, proud
To sit upon her wrist. She loved them all.
I dally with my tale, and weary thee.
Fitz-Alwyn. Speak on! Thy voice hath in it such a charm
As the clear warblings of the bird of song,
The nightingale. Her varied notes we hear
All in themselves alike, yet most unlike
All other melody, till every gush
Of liquid sound seems to our ravish'd souls
Too brief. Speak on.
Isa. Had she no comrade?
Helen. One—
Her own dear father—and——
Fitz-Alwyn. Speak on.
Helen. Hard by
Dwelt a lone widow, poor, but gently born,
And she too had one child.
Fitz-Alwyn. A daughter?
Helen. No.
He was some two years older than the maid,
And loved like her the chase, or rather loved
Nature and beauty—the green wood, the show
Of hound and huntsman 'midst the forest glades,
The bright and moving picture. For the chase
He was too gentle. I have seen——'twas said
He had been seen to weep when the poor stag,
Panting and quivering, already dead
Almost with fear and toil, hath fallen. Yet still
He loved the Barbary steed, the milk-white hound,
The bright-eyed falcon. Ever at their side
Was Hubert Grey.
Fitz-Alwyn. And the young maid? Loved she
One of so soft a mould?
Helen. From earliest youth,
From earliest childhood, they were playmates, friends.
All that she knew of book or song was learnt
Of Hubert, in that low-roof'd cot, where dwelt
His smiling mother. There, beneath the shade
Of the light, fragrant birch, and to the sound
Of running waters, they—I speak of them,
The mountain maid and the fond mother—oft
Would sit for hours, listening his minstrel lay
And marking how the poet's fire lit up
That mild blue eye, and kindled that pale cheek,
Embrown'd with a sweet sunniness, and raised
The veins on his white brow, and seem'd to swell
His slender form into a nobleness
Of beauty; till, at length, with head flung back,
And chest dilating, the forgotten harp
Dropt silent from his hands, and song was lost
In the wild crowd of images that press'd
On his awaken'd fancy.
Fitz-Alwyn. Did the maid
Wed the young minstrel?
Helen. No: she was betroth'd.
Fitz-Alwyn. Alas! I thought so;—was betroth'd to one
Unworthy?
Helen. Oh, no, no; to one too good,
Too great, too noble!
Fitz-Alwyn. One whom she loved not?
Helen. One whom she knew not, therefore loved not. Love
Is born of love.
Fitz-Alwyn. And Hubert?
Helen. He spake not;
No, not a word! She had broad lands, and he
Was poor——
Fitz-Alwyn. Why dost thou pause?
Helen. Scarcely she knew,
Till they were parted, what her own heart meant
When it so throbb'd.
Fitz-Alwyn. Pr'ythee say on.
Helen. Oh, look not
So searchingly upon me! Her dear father
Died, and her nobler wooer from the wars
Came crown'd with honor; and her guardian sought
The lonely orphan in her northern hall,
And brought her to his castle.
Fitz-Alwyn. Well!
Helen. She met
Him, her betrothed; and she would fain have told—
But fear, and awe, and maiden shame, and doubt,
If Hubert loved, for never till——
Mar. Hark! hark!
Again the sweet harp of the north.

SONG (*without.*)

Bless thee! I may no longer stay,
No longer bid thee think on me;
I cannot 'bide thy bridal day—
But, Helen, I go blessing thee.

Bless thee! no vow of thine is broke;
I ask'd not thy dear love for me,
Though tears, and sighs, and blushes spoke—
Yet, Helen, I go blessing thee.

Bless thee! yet do not quite forget—
Oh, sometimes, sometimes pity me!
My sun of life is early set—
But, Helen, I die blessing thee!

Helen. Alas! alas! Dost hear him?
Fitz-Alwyn. Margaret, seek
This harper; bring him hither. We must check
His boldness. [*Exit Margaret.*
Tremble not, my loveliest bride,
But listen. I have heard thy simple tale
Of a fair maiden; now do thou hear mine
Of a rough soldier. A young [illegible]
Rescued an aged knight, brave to a fault,
From out the enemy's ranks. Too [illegible] he
For common service; he had [illegible]
Fit for an emperor's crown—[illegible]
Yet that he offer'd, and the warrior [illegible]
Isa. What was the gem?
Fitz-Alwyn. A girl! a cherub girl!
She was a child—but such a child—[illegible]
Of life and beauty! sun, and [illegible]
Had form'd her like gay flowers, or [illegible]
Or the light, brilliant butterfly [illegible]
In the air. She was all smiles. [illegible]
To battle with that vision [illegible]
Of gladness round him. Often [illegible]
Or in the trench before a beleaguer'd town,
Or in the pause which weighs upon the soul
After the day of battle, would that [illegible]
In all its witchery, float around his [illegible]
Around his heart. Years pass'd, and [illegible]
The laughing girls of France, he'd pause and say,
So tall must she be now.—This tale of [illegible]
Troubles thee, sweet one.
Helen. Oh, go on, my lord!
Pr'ythee go on! How little she deserved—
How little deem'd——Go on.
Fitz-Alwyn. At length came peace,
And our rude warrior turn'd him to his home,
And his betrothed bride. Her [illegible] friend,
The good old knight, was dead; but he found friends
In all around her. She alone—how fair,
How beautiful she was! Her charms outran
Memory and fancy;—but so pale, so sad,
With head averted, and with downcast eyes,
And shivering hands that shrunk from his, and speech
Short and unfrequent, and more chilling cold
Than silence——Helen, from the hour we met,
Thy thoughts have injured me. I was thy friend—
Why treat me as thy tyrant? why delay
The story of thy love? why tremble thus?
Why hide thy beauteous face?
Helen. Oh spare me now,
Fitz-Alwyn! spare me! I have told thee all.
Fitz-Alwyn. Ay, but too late. The bridal hour is fix'd;
The guests are bidden; the huge tables groan
Already with the banquet; harp and song
Already fill the halls; already flowers
Bestrew the path where thou and thy fair maids
Shall pass; already those fair maids have donn'd
Their smiles and blushes. Lady Isabel,
Say, is it not too late? Must she not wed
To-morrow?
Helen. Oh, no! no! In mercy, no!

Re-enter Margaret with Hubert.

Fitz-Alwyn. This is thy bridal eve. Approach, young sir!
Helen—my Helen—the first, last time,
I dare to call thee so—look up, dear maid!
Thou hast done rightly, [illegible], kindly, Helen,
By me, by all. Nay, draw not back thy hand;
I will but seal it with one parting [illegible]
Now, take it, Hubert Grey! thou hast her heart;
They shall not be divided. She is thine.

PONCHE A LA ROMA[illegible]

Jean Carque has the pleasure of informing the [illegible] he prepares Ponche a la Romaine, or Roman Punch.

This article is now introduced all over Europe, and is considered superior to any other mixture or combination made under the name of Punch.

For its celebrity he refers to gentlemen who have lately been in Europe.

It is a very convenient article for Families as well as for Public Houses, and should constitute a regular item among the Stores [illegible]

It improves by age and will keep in any climate.

For drinking it is mixed in proportion of one part to three parts water, either hot or cold.

It is neatly put up in bottles handsomely labelled and sealed.

Sold wholesale by LEMUEL BLAKE, No. 64, Summer street, and may be had of [illegible] & Co. No. 14 Market street; William B. Callender, No. 28 Court street; Edward Cushman, [illegible] Congress street; William Johnson, corner Congress and Milk streets; John B. Callender, No. 165 Washington street; [illegible] Merchants' Hall. oct 30

PARTRIDGE'S BLACKING POWDER,

warranted to produce immediately a beautiful Japan LIQUID BLACKING, superior to any other now in use. The advantages of this Blacking, over every other kind hitherto invented, are so apparent, that it is only to be known to obtain Universal Preference. It is more convenient, more economical, more portable, and [illegible] waste.

A paper of this Powder will make [illegible] be made all at once, or in such quantity as may be wanted for immediate use.

It requires less labor in the application; produces a [illegible] and Glossy Black; and makes more Blacking for the same [illegible] or kind.

It does not injure by keeping; retains its virtue in any climate; does not soil the hands or clothes; and is beneficial to the leather.

It is neatly put up, so that it may be transported with other goods in perfect safety.

Price One Dollar per dozen.

A liberal discount made to Wholesale Purchasers. Orders promptly executed.

Sold Wholesale by LEMUEL BLAKE, No. 64 State street, and may be had of the Stationers, Shoe Dealers, Hardware Dealers, and generally at the Country Stores.

THE TOKEN, FOR 182[illegible]

Just published by the subscribers. The following is a list of the engravings.

Vignette Title, drawn for the work, by [illegible], engraved by [illegible]

The Disowned Bride, painted for the publishers by [illegible], engraved by Hatch.

Chocorua's Curse, painted for the publishers, by Cole, engraved by Hatch.

Banks of the Juniata, painted for the publishers, by Doughty, engraved by Ellis.

The Good Lesson, painted for the publishers, by Weir, engraved by Durand.

[illegible], from a painting in possession of Mr. Monroe. [illegible], engraved by Cheney.

Grandfather's Hobby, after C. B. King, from a painting belonging to J. [illegible], engraved by Gallaudet.

[illegible], engraved by Kelly.

Lost Children, [illegible], engraved by Cheney.

[illegible], engraved by Pelton.

[illegible], engraved by Ellis.

Portrait of J. G. C. Brainard, painted for the publishers, by [illegible], engraved by Longacre.

Genevieve, A. M. Huffman, engraved by Andrews.

The work contains contributions from various writers [illegible] and is strongly done up in silk of various colors, and [illegible] morocco, with gilt leaves. The binding will be warranted [illegible] publishers. CARTER & HENDEE, oct 30 Corner of Washington and School streets.

VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM,

the most valuable remedy discovered for all diseases of the Lungs. This Balsam has been used with the most extraordinary success, in consumptions, asthma, pleurisy, spitting of blood, [illegible] cough, and pulmonary affections of every kind. [illegible] and the fact that it is frequently prescribed by physicians [illegible] It is a very agreeable medicine, and its operation [illegible] and effectual.

[illegible]

Certificate of Abiezer Alger, [illegible]

[illegible] ABIEZER ALGER.

Certificate of Leonard Stoddard.

To the Public.—Having been seized in the winter of [illegible] prevailing influenza, I continued, for the space of [illegible] troubled with a bad cough, great difficulty of breathing, pain in the side, great debility, attended with [illegible] expectoration of much thick matter. I consulted [illegible] physicians, and made use of Anderson's Cough Drops, [illegible] and other celebrated remedies, without [illegible] of April last, I obtained a bottle of the Vegetable [illegible] The beneficial effect was [illegible] my health was as good as it has been for the last [illegible] LEONARD [illegible]

Rochester, N. Y. Nov. [illegible]

[illegible]

District of Massachusetts, to wit.—District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the [illegible] teenth day of October, A. D. 182[illegible], in the [illegible] year of the Independence of the United States of America, [illegible] of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"The Little Philosopher, or the Infant School at Home. [illegible] By Reuben."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act entitled, "An Act [illegible] encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies [illegible] times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical and other Prints." [illegible] Clerk of the District of Massachusetts. oct 30

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

[illegible]

[illegible]UNSEY'S [illegible]

[illegible]

BOARDERS WANTED.

[illegible]

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

HOWARD [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] FARMER'S [illegible]

[illegible]